

STORAGE-ITEM
MAIN LIBRARY

LPA-B52D
U.B.C. LIBRARY

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS
AND OTHER VERSES

BARRACK-ROOM
B A L L A D S

AND OTHER VERSES BY
RUDYARD KIPLING



METHUEN AND CO.
36 ESSEX STREET, W.C.
LONDON
1897


Twelfth Edition

Edinburgh: T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty.

PREFACE

The greater part of the 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' as well as 'Cleared,' 'Evarra,' 'The Explanation,' 'The Conundrum,' 'Tomlinson,' and the 'English Flag' have appeared in the 'National Observer.' Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have kindly given me permission to reproduce four ballads contributed to their Magazine, and I am indebted to the 'St. James's Gazette' for a like courtesy in regard to the ballads of the 'Clampherdown' and 'Bolivar,' and the 'Imperial Rescript.' 'The Rhyme of the Three Captains' was printed first in the 'Athenæum.' I fancy that most of the other verses are new.

RUDYARD KIPLING.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of British Columbia Library

TO
WOLCOTT BALESTIER

R. K.

*Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness
hurled—*

*Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled—
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and
made our world.*

*They are purged of pride because they died, they know the
worth of their bays,
They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the Gods of the
Elder Days,
It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's
praise.*

*'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's
outposts are,
Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes
out to war,
Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-
maned star.*

*They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth—they dare
not grieve for her pain—
They know of toil and the end of toil, they know God's law
is plain,
So they whistle the Devil to make them sport who know that
Sin is vain.*

*And oft-times cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,
And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens newly made;
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen un-
afraid.*

*To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust
and Shame—*

*Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped
to Fame,
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit
came.*

*He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of
Earth—*

*E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.*

*So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high
And made him place at the banquet board—the Strong Men
ranged thereby,*

*Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear
to die.*

*Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness
hurled,*

*Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served His
world.*



CONTENTS

	PAGE
TO WOLCOTT BALESTIER	
<i>Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness hurled,</i>	x
<i>Barrack-room Ballads</i>	
TO T. A.	
I have made for you a song,	2
DANNY DEEVER	
‘What are the bugles blowin’ for?’ said Files-on-Parade,	3
TOMMY	
I went into a public-’ouse to get a pint o’ beer,	6
‘FUZZY-WUZZY’	
We’ve fought with many men acrost the seas,	10

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars, . . . 13

SCREW-GUNS

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin'
the mornin' cool, 16

CELLS

I've a head like a concertina; I've a tongue
like a button-stick, 20

GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin and beer, 23

OONTS

Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot
makes 'im to perspire? 27

LOOT

If you 've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the
keeper's back, 31

'SNARLEYOW'

This 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the
corps, 35

THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor, . . . 39

CONTENTS

XV
PAGE

BELTS

There was a row in Silver Street that's near
to Dublin Quay, 42

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

When the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the
East, 46

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' east-
ward to the sea, 50

TROOPIN'

Troopin', troopin', troopin' to the sea, 54

THE WIDOW'S PARTY

'Where have you been this while away,' 57

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

Kabul town's by Kabul river 60

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort
of the damned, 63

ROUTE MARCHIN'

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny
plains, 66

SHILLIN' A DAY

My name is O'Kelly, I've heard the Revelly, 70

Other Verses

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never
the twain shall meet, 75

THE LAST SUTTEE

Udai Chand lay sick to death, . . . 84

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is
the story told, 90

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

When spring-time flushes the desert grass, . 97

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

The wreath of banquet overnight lay withered
on the neck, 103

CONTENTS

xvii

PAGE

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

This is the ballad of Boh da Thone, . . . 112

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF

O woe is me for the merry life, . . . 125

THE RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS

. . . At the close of a winter day, . . . 128

THE BALLAD OF THE 'CLAMPHERDOWN'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,' . . . 136

THE BALLAD OF THE 'BOLIVAR'

Seven men from all the world back to Docks
again, . . . 141

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai, . . . 146

THE EXPLANATION

Love and Death once ceased their strife, . . . 157

b

THE GIFT OF THE SEA

The dead child lay in the shroud, . . . 158

EVARRA AND HIS GODS

Read here: This is the story of Evarra—man—, 162

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on
Eden's green and gold, 166

THE LEGEND OF EVIL

This is the sorrowful story, . . . 170

THE ENGLISH FLAG

Winds of the World, give answer! They are
whimpering to and fro, 174

'CLEARED'

Help for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit
hurt, 180

CONTENTS

xix

PAGE

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

Now this is the tale of the Council the German
Kaiser decreed, 188

TOMLINSON

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house
in Berkeley Square, 192

L'ENVOI

There's a whisper down the field where the
year has shot her yield, 203



BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

A

To T. A.

I HAVE made for you a song,
And it may be right or wrong,
But only you can tell me if it's true ;
I have tried for to explain
Both your pleasure and your pain,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you !

O there'll surely come a day
When they'll give you all your pay,
And treat you as a Christian ought to do ;
So, until that day comes round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you !

R. K.

DANNY DEEVER

‘WHAT are the bugles blowin’ for?’ said Files-on-Parade.

‘To turn you out, to turn you out,’ the Colour-Sergeant said.

‘What makes you look so white, so white?’ said Files-on-Parade.

‘I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,’ the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you can
hear the Dead March play,

The regiment’s in ’ollow square—they’re
hangin’ him to-day ;

They’ve taken of his buttons off an’ cut his
stripes away,

An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the
mornin’.

‘What makes the rear-rank breathe so ‘ard?’ said
Files-on-Parade.

‘It’s bitter cold, it’s bitter cold,’ the Colour-
Sergeant said.

‘What makes that front-rank man fall down?’ says
Files-on-Parade.

‘A touch o’ sun, a touch o’ sun,’ the Colour-Sergeant
said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deever, they are
marchin’ of ‘im round,

They ‘ave ‘alted Danny Deever by ‘is coffin
on the ground;

An’ ‘e’ll swing in ‘arf a minute for a sneakin’
shootin’ hound—

O they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the
mornin’!

‘‘Is cot was right-‘and cot to mine,’ said Files-on-
Parade.

‘‘E’s sleepin’ out an’ far to-night,’ the Colour-
Sergeant said.

‘I’ve drunk ‘is beer a score o’ times,’ said Files-on-
Parade.

‘‘E’s drinkin’ bitter beer alone,’ the Colour-Sergeant
said.

'They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must
mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must
look 'im in the face ;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's
disgrace,
While they 're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

'What's that so black agin the sun?' said Files-on-Parade.

'It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

'What's that that whimpers over'ead?' said Files-on-Parade.

'It's Danny's soul that's passin' now,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you
can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're
marchin' us away ;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an'
they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

T O M M Y

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, ' We serve no red-coats
here.'

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled
fit to die,

I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I :

O it's 'I'ommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Tommy, go away' ;

But it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when
the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the band
begins to play,

O it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when the
band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none
for me ;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord ! they'll shove
me in the stalls !

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Tommy, wait outside' ;

But it's 'Special train for Atkins' when the
trooper's on the tide,

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the
troopship's on the tide,

O it's 'Special train for Atkins' when the
trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while
you sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starva-
tion cheap ;

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin'
large a bit

Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
an' 'Tommy, 'ow's yer soul ?'

But it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the
drums begin to roll,

The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums
begin to roll,

O it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the
drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no black-
guards too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like
you ;

An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy
paints,

Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster
saints ;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Tommy, fall be'ind,'

But it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when
there's trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's
trouble in the wind,

O it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when
there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires,
an' all :

We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it
to our face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Chuck him out, the brute !'

But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the
guns begin to shoot ;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
anything you please ;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet
that Tommy sees !

‘FUZZY-WUZZY’

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE)

We ’ve fought with many men acrost the seas,

An’ some of ’em was brave an’ some was not:

The Paythan an’ the Zulu an’ Burmese ;

But the Fuzzy was the finest o’ the lot.

We never got a ha’porth’s change of ’im :

’E squatted in the scrub an’ ’ocked our ’orses,

’E cut our sentries up at *Suakim*,

An’ ’e played the cat an’ banjo with our forces.

So ’ere’s *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your ’ome
in the Soudan ;

You’re a pore benighted ’eathen but a first-
class fightin’ man ;

We gives you your certificate, an’ if you want
it signed

We’ll come an’ ’ave a romp with you when-
ever you’re inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
 The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
 The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
 An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style :
 But all we ever got from such as they
 Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller ;
 We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
 But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
 Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the
 missis and the kid ;
 Our orders was to break you, an' of course
 we went an' did.
 We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't
 'ardly fair ;
 But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz,
 you broke the square.
 'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
 'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
 So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
 In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords :
 When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
 With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
 An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
 Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your
friends which are no more,
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would
'elp you to deplore ;
But give an' take 's the gospel, an' we'll call
the bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you
crumpled up the square !

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead ;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb !
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantee !
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome
in the Soudan ;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-
class fightin' man ;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your
'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke
a British square !

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

‘SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,
‘Why don’t you march with my true love?’
‘We’re fresh from off the ship an’ ‘e’s maybe give
the slip,
‘An’ you’d best go look for a new love.’

New love! True love!
Best go look for a new love,
The dead they cannot rise, an’ you’d better
dry your eyes,
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘What did you see o’ my true love?’
‘I seed ‘im serve the Queen in a suit o’ rifle-green,
‘An’ you’d best go look for a new love.’

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘Did ye see no more o’ my true love?’
‘I seed ’im runnin’ by when the shots begun to fly—
‘But you ’d best go look for a new love.’

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘Did aught take ’arm to my true love?’
‘I couldn’t see the fight, for the smoke it lay so
white—
‘An’ you ’d best go look for a new love.’

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘I ’ll up an’ tend to my true love!’
‘E’s lying on the dead with a bullet through ’is ’ead,
‘An’ you ’d best go look for a new love.’

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘I ’ll down an’ die with my true love!’
‘The pit we dug ’ll ’ide ’im an’ the twenty men
beside ’im—
‘An’ you ’d best go look for a new love.’

‘Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘Do you bring no sign from my true love?’

‘ I bring a lock of ’air that ’e allus used to wear,
‘ An’ you ’d best go look for a new love.’

‘ Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
‘ O then I know it’s true I’ve lost my true love !’
‘ An’ I tell you truth again—when you’ve lost the
 feel o’ pain
‘ You ’d best take me for your true love.’

True love ! New love !

Best take ’im for a new love,

The dead they cannot rise, an’ you’d better
 dry your eyes,

An’ you’d best take ’im for your true love.

SCREW-GUNS

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool,

I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule,

With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a beggar
forgets

It's only the pick of the Army that handles the
dear little pets—'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-
guns they all love you!

So when we call round with a few guns, o'
course you will know what to do—hoo!
hoo!

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's
worse if you fights or you runs:

You can go where you please, you can skid
up the trees, but you don't get away
from the guns!

They sends us along where the roads are, but mostly
we goes where they ain't :

We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust to
the stick o' the paint :

We've chivied the Naga an' Looshai, we've give the
Afreedeeman fits,

For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we guns
that are built in two bits—'Tss ! 'Tss !

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an' teaches
'im 'ow to behave ;

If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an' rattles
'im into 'is grave.

You've got to stand up to our business an' spring
without snatchin' or fuss.

D'you say that you sweat with the field-guns? By
God, you must lather with us—'Tss ! 'Tss !

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-
moanin' below,

We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're out
on the rocks an' the snow,

An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries
away to the plains

The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the jinglety-
jink o' the chains—'Tss ! 'Tss !

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an' a
wheel on the edge o' the Pit,

An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as
a beggar can spit :

With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves, an'
the sun off the snow in your face,

An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the
old gun in 'er place—'Tss ! 'Tss !

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool,

I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule.

The monkey can say what our road was—the wild-
goat 'e knows where we passed.

Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's ! Out drag-
ropes ! With shrapnel ! Hold fast—'Tss ! 'Tss !

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-guns they all love you !

So when we take tea with a few guns, o' course you will know what to do—hoo !
hoo !

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's worse if you fights or you runs :

You may hide in the caves, they'll be only your graves, but you can't get away from the guns !

CELLS

I've a head like a concertina : I've a tongue like a
button-stick :

I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than
a little sick,

But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard : I've
made the cinders fly,

And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink
and blacking the Corporal's eye.

With a second-hand overcoat under my head,
And a beautiful view of the yard,

O it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For 'drunk and resisting the Guard !'

Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—

'Strewth, but I socked it them hard !

So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For 'drunk and resisting the Guard.'

I started o' canteen porter, I finished o' canteen
beer,

But a dose o' gin that a mate slipped in, it was that
that brought me here.

'Twas that and an extry double Guard that rubbed
my nose in the dirt ;

But I fell away with the Corp'ral's stock and the
best of the Corp'ral's shirt.

I left my cap in a public-house, my boots in the
public road,

And Lord knows where, and I don't care, my belt
and my tunic goed ;

They'll stop my pay, they'll cut away the stripes I
used to wear,

But I left my mark on the Corp'ral's face, and I
think he'll keep it there !

My wife she cries on the barrack-gate, my kid in
the barrack-yard,

It ain't that I mind the Ord'ly room—it's *that* that
cuts so hard.

I'll take my oath before them both that I will sure
abstain,

But as soon as I'm in with a mate and gin, I know
I'll do it again!

With a second-hand overcoat under my head,
And a beautiful view of the yard,
Yes, it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard!'
Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—
'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!
So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard.'

GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.

He was 'Din! Din! Din!

'You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!

'Hi! slippery *hitherao*!

'Water, get it! *Panee lao*!¹

'You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din.'

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,

¹ Bring water swiftly.

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows
crawl,
We shouted 'Harry By!' ¹
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was 'Din ! Din ! Din !
'You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been ?
'You put some *juldee* ² in it
'Or I 'll *marrow* ³ you this minute
'If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din !'

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done ;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.

¹ Mr. Atkins's equivalent for 'O brother.'

² Be quick.

³ Hit you.

With 'is mussick¹ on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made ' Retire,'
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire !

It was ' Din ! Din ! Din !'

With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.

When the cartridges ran out,

You could hear the front-files shout,

' Hi ! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din !'

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green :
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

¹ Water-skin.

It was 'Din ! Din ! Din !

'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;

'E's chawin' up the ground,

'An' 'e's kickin' all around :

'For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din !'

'E carried me away

To where a dooli lay,

An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.

'E put me safe inside,

An' just before 'e died,

'I 'ope you liked your drink,' sez Gunga Din.

So I'll meet 'im later on

At the place where 'e is gone—

Where it's always double drill and no canteen ;

'E'll be squattin' on the coals

Givin' drink to poor damned souls,

An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din !

Yes, Din ! Din ! Din !

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din !

Though I've belted you and flayed you,

By the livin' Gawd that made you,

You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din !

O O N T S

(NORTHERN INDIA TRANSPORT TRAIN)

Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes
'im to perspire ?

It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to fire ;
But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat load.

O the oont,¹ O the oont, O the commissariat
oont !

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket
full o' snakes ;

We packs 'im like an idol, an' you ought to
'ear 'im grunt,

An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is blessed
girth-rope breaks.

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when night
is drorin' in,

An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin ?

¹ Camel :—oo is pronounced like " in 'bull,' but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with 'front.'

It ain't the chanst o' being rushed by Paythans from
the 'ills,

It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is bloomin'
frills !

O the oont, O the oont, O the hairy scary
oont !

A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we 've got
the night alarm !

We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an' 'eads
'im off in front,

An' when we 've saved 'is bloomin' life 'e
chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a
fool,

The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a
mule ;

But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an'
done,

'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-forsaken
oont !

The lumpy-'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin'
where 'e lies,

'E's blocked the whole division from the
rear-guard to the front,

An' when we get him up again—the
beggar goes an' dies !

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight—'e smells
most awful vile ;

'E'll lose 'isself for ever if you let 'im stray a mile ;

'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the
'ole night through,

An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits 'isself
in two.

O the oont, O the oont, O the floppin',
droppin' oont !

When 'is long legs give from under an' 'is
meltin' eye is dim,

The tribes is up be'ind us, and the tribes
is out in front—

It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites
an' crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done, an' when the
roads is blind,

An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the
shots be'ind,

Ho ! then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes is
past :

'E thinks on us that used 'im so, and gets revenge
at last.

O the oont, O the oont, O the floatin',
bloatin' oont !

The late lamented camel in the water-cut
'e lies ;

We keeps a mile be'ind 'im an' we keeps a
mile in front,

But 'e gets into the drinkin'-casks, and
then o' course we dies.

LOOT

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the
keeper's back,

If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin'
'aversack,

You will understand this little song o' mine.
But the service rules are 'ard, an' from such we
are debarred,

For the same with English morals does not suit.

(*Cornet* : Toot ! toot !)

W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is marchin'
clobber

With the—

(*Chorus*) Loo ! loo ! Lulu ! lulu ! Loo ! loo ! Loot !
loot ! loot !

Ow the loot !

Bloomin' loot !

That's the thing to make the boys git up
an' shoot !

It's the same with dogs an' men,
If you 'd make 'em come again
Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu!
Loot!

(ff) Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu!
Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's
thrustin' for your life,

You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell;
An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you didn't
feel 'is knife

That you ain't told off to bury 'im as well.
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they spade
the beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;
So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain an'
clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime.

(Chorus) With the loot, . . .

Now remember when you're 'acking round a gilded
Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;

An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-rod

'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.

When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some water
on the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot

(*Cornet* : Toot ! toot !)—

When the ground begins to sink, shove your baynick
down the chink,

An' you're sure to touch the—

(*Chorus*) Loo ! loo ! Lulu ! Loot ! loot ! loot !

Ow the loot ! . . .

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'unting, you must
always work in pairs—

It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find—

For a single man gets bottled on them twisty-wisty
stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobbs 'im from be 'ind.

When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems
beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute

(*Cornet* : Toot ! toot !)—

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ouse tops take a look,
For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.

(*Chorus*) Ow the loot! . . .

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quartermaster
too,

If you only take the proper way to go;
I could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned
you all I knew—

An' don't you never say I told you so.
An' now I'll bid good-bye, for I'm gettin' rather dry,
An' I see another tunin' up to toot

(*Cornet* : Toot! toot!)—

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the Widow's
clo'es,

An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot!

(*Chorus*) Yes, the loot,
Bloomin' loot!

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

(*fff*) Whoop 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu!
Loot! loot! loot!

Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu!
Loot! loot! loot!

‘SNARLEYOW’

THIS ’appened in a battle to a batt’ry of the corps
Which is first among the women an’ amazin’ first in
war ;

An’ what the bloomin’ battle was I don’t remember
now,

But Two’s off-lead ’e answered to the name o’ *Snarle-*
yow.

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares ;
Down in the Cavalry, Colonel ’e swears ;
But down in the lead with the wheel at the
flog
Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped
dog !

They was movin’ into action, they was needed very
sore,

To learn a little schoolin’ to a native army corps,

They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was tuckin'
down the brow,
When a tricky, trundlin' roundshot give the knock
to *Snarleyow*.

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im—'e was almost tore
in two—
But he tried to follow after as a well-trained 'orse
should do ;
'E went an' fouled the limber, an' the Driver's
Brother squeals :
' Pull up, pull up for *Snarleyow*—'is head 's between
'is 'eels !'

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels was
goin' round,
An' there ain't no 'Stop, conductor !' when a
batt'ry's changin' ground ;
Sez 'e : 'I broke the beggar in, an' very sad I feels,
' But I couldn't pull up, not for *you*—your 'ead be-
tween your 'eels !'

'E 'adn't 'ardly spoke the word, before a droppin'
shell
A little right the batt'ry an' between the sections fell ;

An’ when the smoke ’ad cleared away, before the
limber wheels,
There lay the Driver’s Brother with ’is ’ead between
’is ’eels.

Then sez the Driver’s Brother, an’ ’is words was very
plain,
‘For Gawd’s own sake get over me, an’ put me out
o’ pain.’
They saw ’is wounds was mortal, an’ they judged
that it was best,
So they took an’ drove the limber straight across ’is
back an’ chest.

The Driver ’e give nothin’ ’cept a little coughin’
grunt,
But ’e swung ’is ’orses ’andsome when it came to
‘Action Front!’
An’ if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your Mon-
day head
’Twas juicier for the niggers when the case begun
to spread.

The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen :
You ’avn’t got no families when servin’ of the Queen—

You 'avn't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives, or
sons—

If you want to win your battles take an' work your
bloomin' guns!

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;

Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;

But down in the lead with the wheel at the flog

Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped
dog!

THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR

'AVE you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.
(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,
There's 'er mark on the medical stores—
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind
That takes us to various wars.
(Poor beggars!—barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,
An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,
The men an' the 'orses what makes up the
forces
O' Missis Victorier's sons.
(Poor beggars! Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns :
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an'
the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars !—it's blue with our bones !)
Hands off o' the sons o' the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors
frown
When the Widow at Windsor says 'Stop' !
(Poor beggars !—we're sent to say 'Stop' !)
Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,
From the Pole to the Tropics it runs—
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank
an' the file,
An' open in form with the guns.
(Poor beggars !—it's always they guns !)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,
It's safest to let 'er alone :
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land
Wherever the bugles are blown.
(Poor beggars !—an' don't we get blown !)

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead ;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

(Poor beggars !—it's 'ot over'ead !)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,

Wherever, 'owever they roam.

'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require

A speedy return to their 'ome.

(Poor beggars !—they'll never see 'ome !)

BELTS

THERE was a row in Silver Street that's near to
Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree ;
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark :
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last forninst
the Park.

For it was :—‘ Belts, belts, belts, an' that's
one for you !’

An' it was ‘ Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done
for you !’

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park !

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments
was out,
They called us ‘ Delhi Rebels,’ an' we answered
‘ Threes about !’

That drew them like a hornet's nest—we met them
good an' large,

The English at the double an' the Irish at the
charge.

Then it was:—'Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was in it
too;

We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts went
whirraru!

I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the
storm

A *Freeman's Journal Supplemint* was all my uniform.

O it was:—'Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent the
Polis there,

The English were too drunk to know, the Irish
didn't care;

But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous
rose,

Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was
tatthered clo'es.

For it was:—'Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha'
 raged till now,
But some one drew his side-arm clear, an' nobody
 knew how;
'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we saw
 the red blood run:
An' so we all was murderers that started out in fun.
 While it was :—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—but that put down
 the shine,
Wid each man whisperin' to his next: "'Twas never
 work o' mine!'
We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the street
 we bore him,
The poor dumb corpse that couldn't tell the bhoys
 were sorry for him.
 When it was :—' Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—it isn't over
 yet,
For half of us are under guard wid punishments to
 get;

'Tis all a merricle to me as in the Clink I lie :

There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I wonder
why !

But it was :—‘ Belts, belts, belts, an’ that ’s
one for you ! ’

An’ it was ‘ Belts, belts, belts, an’ that ’s done
for you ! ’

O buckle an’ tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison’s down to the Park !

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

WHEN the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East
'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased

Ere 'e 's fit for to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

So-oldier *of* the Queen !

Now all you recruities what 's drafted to-day,
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,
An' I 'll sing you a soldier as far as I may :

A soldier what 's fit for a soldier.

Fit, fit, fit for a soldier . . .

First mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers' huts,
For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out your
guts—

Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your butts—

An' it 's bad for the young British Soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier . . .

When the cholera comes—as it will past a doubt—
Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,
For the sickness gets in as the liquor dies out,
 An' it crumples the young British soldier.
 Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier . . .

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead :
You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is said :
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e 'll knock you down
 dead,
 An' you 'll die like a fool of a soldier.
 Fool, fool, fool of a soldier . . .

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor
 blind ;
Be handy and civil, and then you will find
 That it's beer for the young British soldier.
 Beer, beer, beer for the soldier . . .

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old—
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm told,
For beauty won't help if your rations is cold,
 Nor love ain't enough for a soldier.
 'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier . . .

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loth
To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on my
oath!—

Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er: that's Hell for
them both,

An' you're shut o' the curse of a soldier.

Curse, curse, curse of a soldier . . .

When first under fire an' you're wishful to duck,
Don't look nor take 'eed at the man that is struck,
Be thankful you're livin', and trust to your luck
And march to your front like a soldier.

Front, front, front like a soldier . . .

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch;
She's human as you are—you treat her as sich,
An' she'll fight for the young British soldier.

Fight, fight, fight for the soldier . . .

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine,
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line,
Shoot low at the limbers an' don't mind the shine,
For noise never startles the soldier.

Start-, start-, startles the soldier . . .

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look white,
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight :

So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,

And wait for support ; like a soldier.

Wait, wait, wait like a soldier . . .

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's
plains,

And the women come out to cut up what remains,

Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains

An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

So-oldier *of* the Queen !

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to
the sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she
thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-
bells they say :

' Come you back, you British soldier ; come you back
to Mandalay !'

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay :

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from
Rangoon to Mandalay ?

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay !

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,

An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as

Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white
cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's
foot :

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed
'er where she stud !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun
was droppin' slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing '*Kulla-
lo-lo!*'

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin
my cheek

We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin'
teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, squalgy creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was
'arf afraid to speak !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur
away,

An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to
Mandalay ;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
soldier tells :

' If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never
'eed naught else.'

No ! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells,

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the
tinkly temple-bells ;

On the road to Mandalay . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-
stones,

An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in
my bones ;

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to
the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they
understand ?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law ! wot do they understand ?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land !

On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is
like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a
man can raise a thirst ;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that
I would be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the
sea ;

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when we
went to Mandalay !

O the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay !

TROOPIN'

(OUR ARMY IN THE EAST)

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea :

'Ere's September come again—the six-year men are
free.

O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come
away

To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome
to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is at the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Ann,

For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

The Malabar's in 'arbour with the Jumner at 'er tail,
An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to sail.
Ho! the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay,
But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome
to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold an'
wet an' rain,
All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not com-
plain;
They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their little
way—
But damn the chills and fever, men, we're goin'
'ome to-day!

Troopin', troopin', winter's round again!
See the new draf's pourin' in for the old campaign;
Ho, you poor recruits, but you've got to earn your
pay—
What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're goin'
there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer—
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English beer.

The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got to
stay,

Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle—Whoop! we're
goin' 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is at the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Ann,

For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

THE WIDOW'S PARTY

‘WHERE have you been this while away,

‘ Johnnie, Johnnie?’

Out with the rest on a picnic lay,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

They called us out of the barrack-yard

To Gawd knows where from Gosport Hard,

And you can’t refuse when you get the card,

And the Widow gives the party.

(*Bugle : Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara !*)

‘What did you get to eat and drink,

‘ Johnnie, Johnnie?’

Standing water as thick as ink,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

A bit o’ beef that were three year stored,

A bit o’ mutton as tough as a board,

And a fowl we killed with a sergeant’s sword,

When the Widow give the party.

‘ What did you do for knives and forks,

‘ Johnnie, Johnnie ? ’

We carries ’em with us wherever we walks,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

And some was sliced and some was halved,

And some was crimped and some was carved,

And some was gutted and some was starved,

When the Widow give the party.

‘ What ha’ you done with half your mess,

‘ Johnnie, Johnnie ? ’

They couldn’t do more and they wouldn’t do less,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

They ate their whack and they drank their fill,

And I think the rations has made them ill,

For half my comp’ny’s lying still

Where the Widow give the party.

‘ How did you get away—away,

‘ Johnnie, Johnnie ? ’

On the broad o’ my back at the end o’ the day,

Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !

I comed away like a bleedin' toff,
For I got four niggers to carry me off,
As I lay in the bight of a canvas trough,
When the Widow give the party.

' What was the end of all the show,
 ' Johnnie, Johnnie ?'
Ask my Colonel, for I don't know,
 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha !
We broke a King and we built a road—
A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed.
And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed
When the Widow give the party.
 (*Bugle : Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara !*)

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

KABUL town's by Kabul river—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

There I lef' my mate for ever,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

There's the river up and brimmin', an'

there's 'arf a squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town's a blasted place—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

'Strewth I sha'n't forget 'is face

Wet an' drippin' by the ford !

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an' they

will surely guide you

'Cross the ford of Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

I'd ha' sooner drowned fust

'Stead of 'im beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can

'ear the men a-splashin',

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

I'd ha' left it for 'is sake—

'Im that left me by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you

never comin' nigh there,

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town'll go to hell—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

'Fore I see him 'live an' well—

'Im the best beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their
boots 'll pull 'em under,
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,
Down an' drowned by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't
no use o' callin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of
the damned

To my brethren in their sorrow overseas,
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bred, machinely
crammed,

And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.
Yea, a trooper of the forces who has run his own six
horses,

And faith he went the pace and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while he held the
ready tin,

But to-day the Sergeant's something less than kind.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa ! Baa ! Baa !

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa—aa—aa !

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,

Damned from here to Eternity,

God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa ! Yah ! Bah !

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables, sweet to
empty kitchen slops,

And it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell,
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental
hops

And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.
Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be 'Rider' to your
troop,

And branded with a blasted worsted spur,
When you envy, O how keenly, one poor Tommy
being cleanly

Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you 'Sir.'
If the home we never write to, and the oaths we
never keep,

And all we know most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room return to break our
sleep,

Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer?
When the drunken comrade mutters and the great
guard-lantern gutters

And the horror of our fall is written plain,
Every secret, self-revealing on the aching white-
washed ceiling,

Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost
to Love and Truth,

We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of
our youth.

God help us, for we knew the worst too young !
Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that
brought the sentence,

Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf
enfolds us

And we die, and none can tell Them where we
died.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa ! Baa ! Baa !

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa—aa—aa !

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa ! Yah ! Bah !

ROUTE MARCHIN'

WE'RE marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,
A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind the
Rains ;

Ho ! get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the
bugle blowed,

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk
Road ;

With its best foot first
And the road a-sliding past,
An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly
like the last ;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is ' *rowdy-dowdy-dow !* ' —

' *Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy jow?* ' ¹

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when
you see,

There's the peacock round the corner an' the
monkey up the tree,

¹ Why don't you get on?

An' there's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in the
wind,

An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-sling
be'ind.

While it's best foot first, . . .

At half-past five's Revelly, an' our tents they down
must come,

Like a lot of button mushrooms when you pick 'em
up at 'ome.

But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts,
While the women and the kiddies sit an' shiver in
the carts.

An' it's best foot first, . . .

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes an'
sings,

An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other things,
An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we wonders
what they're at,

An' 'ow they would admire for to hear us sling the
bat.¹

An' it's best foot first, . . .

¹ Language. Thomas's first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist and a fluent speaker of Hindustani. As a matter of fact, he depends largely on the sign-language.

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you're lyin' at
your ease,
To watch the kites a-wheelin' round them feather-
'eaded trees,
For although there ain't no women, yet there ain't no
barrick-yards,
So the orficers goes shootin' an' the men they plays
at cards.
Till it's best foot first, . . .

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always grum-
blin' sore,
There's worser things than marchin' from Umballa
to Cawnpore ;
An' if your 'eels are blistered an' they feels to 'urt
like 'ell,
You drop some tallow in your socks an' that will
make 'em well.
For it's best foot first, . . .

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand,
Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel, and
the Band ;

Ho! get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the
bugle blowed,

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk
Road;

With its best foot first

And the road a-sliding past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly
like the last;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is 'rowdy-dowdy-dow!'—

'*Kiko kissynwarsti* don't you *hamsher argy jow?*'

SHILLIN' A DAY

My name is O'Kelly, I 've heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,
Hong-Kong and Peshawur,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more all endin' in 'pore.'
Black Death and his quickness, the depth and the
 thickness,
Of sorrow and sickness I 've known on my way,
But I 'm old and I 'm nervis,
I 'm cast from the Service,
And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.

(*Chorus*) Shillin' a day,
 Bloomin' good pay—
 Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,

When we rode Hell-for-leather
Both squadrons together,
That didn't care whether we lived or we died.
But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin'
An' me commissairin' the pay-bills to better,
So if me you be'old
In the wet and the cold,
By the Grand Metropold won't you give me a letter?

(Full chorus) Give 'im a letter—

'Can't do no better,
Late Troop-Sergeant-Major an'—runs
with a letter!

Think what 'e's been,
Think what 'e's seen,
Think of his pension an'——

GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN .



OTHER VERSES

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat ;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth !*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-
side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride :
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the
dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden
her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides :

‘Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides?’

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of
the Ressaldar :

‘If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
where his pickets are.

‘At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into
Bonair,

‘But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to
fare,

‘So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can
fly,

‘By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he
win to the Tongue of Jagai.

‘But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly
turn ye then,

‘For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain
is sown with Kāmāi's men.

‘There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,

‘And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a
man is seen.’

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw
rough dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell
and the head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him
stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not
long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he
can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of
the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whist-
ling ball went wide.

'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show now
if ye can ride.'

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-
devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like
a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his
head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a
maiden plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left and rock to the right,
and low lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never
a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their
hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare
like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap
fell he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and
pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small
room was there to strive,

‘Twas only by favour of mine,’ quoth he, ‘ye rode
so long alive :

‘There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was
not a clump of tree,

‘But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee.

‘If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held
it low,

‘The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all
in a row :

‘If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have
held it high,

‘The kite that whistles above us now were gorged
till she could not fly.’

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son : ‘Do good to
bird and beast,

‘But count who come for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast.

‘If there should follow a thousand swords to carry
my bones away,

‘Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more than
a thief could pay.

‘They will feed their horse on the standing crop,
their men on the garnered grain,

‘The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when
all the cattle are slain.

‘But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren
wait to sup,

‘The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog,
and call them up !

‘And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer
and gear and stack,

‘Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my
own way back!’

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him
upon his feet.

‘No talk shall be of dogs,’ said he, ‘when wolf and
grey wolf meet.

‘May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or
breath;

‘What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at
the dawn with Death?’

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: ‘I hold by the
blood of my clan:

‘Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by God,
she has carried a man!’

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and nuzzled
against his breast;

‘We be two strong men,’ said Kamal then, ‘but she
loveth the younger best.

‘So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-
studded rein,

‘My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver
stirrups twain.’

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-
end,

'Ye have taken the one from a foe,' said he ; 'will
ye take the mate from a friend ?'

'A gift for a gift,' said Kamal straight ; 'a limb for
the risk of a limb.

'Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my
son to him !'

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped
from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he
looked like a lance in rest.

'Now here is thy master,' Kamal said, 'who leads a
troop of the Guides,

'And thou must ride at his left side as shield on
shoulder rides.

'Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and
board and bed,

'Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with
thy head.

'So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all
her foes are thine,

'And thou must harry thy father's hold for the
peace of the Border-line,

‘ And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy
way to power—

‘ Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur.’

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on leavened bread and salt :

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and
the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel’s son he rides the mare and Kamal’s
boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where
there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.

‘ Ha’ done ! ha’ done !’ said the Colonel’s son.
‘ Put up the steel at your sides !

‘Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-
night ’tis a man of the Guides!’

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great
Judgment Seat ;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,*

*When two strong men stand face to face, tho’ they come
from the ends of the earth !*

THE LAST SUTTEE

Not many years ago a King died in one of the Rajpoot States. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against Suttee, would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred. But one of them, disguised as the King's favourite dancing-girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There, her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.

UDAI CHAND lay sick to death

In his hold by Gungra hill.

All night we heard the death-gongs ring

For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,

All night beat up from the women's wing

A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,

The lords of the outer guard :

All night the cressets glimmered pale

On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jezail,

Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,

That clinked in the palace yard.

In the Golden room on the palace roof
All night he fought for air :
And there was sobbing behind the screen,
Rustle and whisper of women unseen,
And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen
On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn—the death-fire leaped
From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scars :
And wail upon wail went up to the stars
Behind the grim zenana-bars,
When they knew that the King was dead.

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth
And robe him for the pyre.
The Boondi Queen beneath us cried :
‘ See, now, that we die as our mothers died
‘ In the bridal-bed by our master’s side !
‘ Out, women !—to the fire !’

We drove the great gates home apace :
White hands were on the sill :

But ere the rush of the unseen feet
Had reached the turn to the open street,
The bars shot down, the guard-drum beat—
We held the dovecot still.

A face looked down in the gathering day,
And laughing spoke from the wall :
'Ohé, they mourn here : let me by—
'Azizun, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I !
'When the house is rotten, the rats must fly,
'And I seek another thrall.

'For I ruled the King as ne'er did Queen,—
'To-night the Queens rule me !
'Guard them safely, but let me go,
'Or ever they pay the debt they owe
'In scourge and torture !' She leaped below,
And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul
On a North-bred dancing-girl :
That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow god,
And kissed the ground where her feet had trod,
And doomed to death at her drunken nod,
And swore by her lightest curl.

We bore the King to his fathers' place,
Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand :
Where the grey apes swing, and the peacocks preen
On fretted pillar and jewelled screen,
And the wild boar couch in the house of the
Queen
On the drift of the desert sand.

The herald read his titles forth,
We set the logs aglow :
' Friend of the English, free from fear,
' Barcn of Luni to Jeysulmeer,
' Lord of the Desert of Bikaner,
' King of the Jungle,—go !'

All night the red flame stabbed the sky
With wavering wind-tossed spears :
And out of a shattered temple crept
A woman who veiled her head and wept,
And called on the King—but the great King
slept,
And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife—
Cold fear with hot desire—

When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,
And thrice she beat her breast for shame,
And thrice like a wounded dove she came
And moaned about the fire.

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,
The silent streets between,
Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,
To blade in ambush or boar at bay,
And he was a baron old and grey,
And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He said : ' O shameless, put aside
 ' The veil upon thy brow !
' Who held the King and all his land
' To the wanton will of a harlot's hand !
' Will the white ash rise from the blistered brand ?
 ' Stoop down, and call him now ! '

Then she : ' By the faith of my tarnished soul,
 ' All things I did not well,
' I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,
' And lay me down by my master's side
' To rule in Heaven his only bride,
 ' While the others howl in Hell.

‘ But I have felt the fire’s breath,
 ‘ And hard it is to die !
‘ Yet if I may pray a Rajpoot lord
‘ To sully the steel of a Thakur’s sword
‘ With base-born blood of a trade abhorred,’—
 And the Thakur answered, ‘ Ay.’

He drew and struck : the straight blade drank
 The life beneath the breast.
‘ I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
‘ But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame—
‘ Sister of mine, pass, free from shame,
 ‘ Pass with thy King to rest !’

The black log crashed above the white :
 The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
 On the heart of—the Boondi Queen !

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the
story told.*

*His mercy fills the Khyber hills—his grace is
manifold ;*

*He has taken toll of the North and the South—his
glory reacheth far,*

*And they tell the tale of his charity from Balkh to
Kandahar.*

Before the old Peshawur Gate, where Kurd and
Kaffir meet,

The Governor of Kabul dealt the Justice of the
Street,

And that was strait as running noose and swift as
plunging knife,

Tho' he who held the longer purse might hold the
longer life.

There was a hound of Hindustan had struck a
Euzufzai,

Wherefore they spat upon his face and led him out
to die.

It chanced the King went forth that hour when
throat was bared to knife ;

The Kaffir grovelled under-hoof and clamoured for
his life.

Then said the King : ' Have hope, O friend ! Yea,
Death disgraced is hard ;

' Much honour shall be thine ; ' and called the Captain
of the Guard,

Yar Khan, a bastard of the Blood, so city-babble
saith,

And he was honoured of the King—the which is
salt to Death ;

And he was son of Daoud Shah, the Reiver of the
Plains,

And blood of old Durani Lords ran fire in his veins ;
And 'twas to tame an Afghan pride nor Hell nor
Heaven could bind,

The King would make him butcher to a yelping cur
of Hind.

‘Strike!’ said the King. ‘King’s blood art thou—
his death shall be his pride!’

Then louder, that the crowd might catch: ‘Fear
not—his arms are tied!’

Yar Khan drew clear the Khyber knife, and struck,
and sheathed again.

‘O man, thy will is done,’ quoth he; ‘A King this
dog hath slain.’

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, to the North
and the South is sold.*

*The North and the South shall open their mouth to
a Ghilzai flag unrolled,*

*When the big guns speak to the Khyber peak, and
his dog-Heratis fly:*

*Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?
Wolves of the Abazai!*

That night before the watch was set, when all the
streets were clear,

The Governor of Kabul spoke: ‘My King, hast thou
no fear?’

‘Thou knowest—thou hast heard,’—his speech died
at his master’s face.

And grimly said the Afghan King: 'I rule the
Afghan race.

'My path is mine—see thou to thine—to-night upon
thy bed

'Think who there be in Kabul now that clamour for
thy head.'

That night when all the gates were shut to City and
to throne,

Within a little garden house the King lay down
alone.

Before the sinking of the moon, which is the Night
of Night,

Yar Khan came softly to the King to make his
honour white.

The children of the town had mocked beneath his
horse's hoofs,

The harlots of the town had hailed him 'butcher!'
from their roofs.

But as he groped against the wall, two hands upon
him fell,

The King behind his shoulder spake: 'Dead man,
thou dost not well !

- ‘ ‘Tis ill to jest with Kings by day and seek a boon
by night ;
- ‘ And that thou bearest in thy hand is all too sharp
to write.
- ‘ But three days hence, if God be good, and if thy
strength remain,
- ‘ Thou shalt demand one boon of me and bless me
in thy pain.
- ‘ For I am merciful to all, and most of all to thee.
- ‘ My butcher of the shambles, rest—no knife hast
thou for me !’

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, holds hard by
the South and the North ;*

*But the Ghilzai knows, ere the melting snows, when
the swollen banks break forth,*

*When the red-coats crawl to the sungar wall, and
his Usbeg lances fail :*

*Ye have heard the song—How long ? How long ?
Wolves of the Zuka Kheyl !*

They stoned him in the rubbish-field when dawn
was in the sky,

According to the written word, ‘ See that he do not
die.’

They stoned him till the stones were piled above
him on the plain,
And those the labouring limbs displaced they
tumbled back again.

One watched beside the dreary mound that veiled
the battered thing,
And him the King with laughter called the Herald
of the King.

It was upon the second night, the night of Ramazan,
The watcher leaning earthward heard the message
of Yar Khan.

From shattered breast through shrivelled lips broke
forth the rattling breath,
'Creature of God, deliver me from agony of Death.'

They sought the King among his girls, and risked
their lives thereby :
'Protector of the Pitiful, give orders that he die !'

'Bid him endure until the day,' a lagging answer
came ;

'The night is short, and he can pray and learn to
bless my name.'

Before the dawn three times he spoke, and on the
day once more :

‘ Creature of God, deliver me, and bless the King
therefor !’

They shot him at the morning prayer, to ease him
of his pain,
And when he heard the matchlocks clink, he blessed
the King again.

Which thing the singers made a song for all the
world to sing,
So that the Outer Seas may know the mercy of the
King.

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the
story told,
He has opened his mouth to the North and the
South, they have stuffed his mouth with gold.
Ye know the truth of his tender ruth—and sweet his
favours are :
Ye have heard the song—How long ? How long ?
from Balkh to Kandahar.*

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

WHEN spring-time flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose ;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled ;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road ;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale ;

And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food ;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood ;
And there fied on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and—then came I
To Mahbub Ali the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,
' Better is speech when the belly is fed.'
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah ! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.

Four things greater than all things are,—
Women and Horses and Power and War.
We spake of them all, but the last the most,
For I sought a word of a Russian post,
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword
And a grey-coat guard on the Helmund ford.
Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
Quoth he : ‘Of the Russians who can say ?
‘When the night is gathering all is grey.
‘But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
‘In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.
‘Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
‘To warn a King of his enemies ?
‘We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
‘But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
‘That unsought counsel is cursed of God
‘Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

‘His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
‘His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen ;
‘And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
‘For he carried the curse of an unstanchèd speech.

‘ Therewith madness—so that he sought
‘ The favour of kings at the Kabul court ;
‘ And travelled, in hope of honour, far
‘ To the line where the grey-coat squadrons are.
‘ There have I journeyed too—but I
‘ Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die !
‘ He hearked to rumour, and snatched at a breath
‘ Of “ this one knoweth ” and “ that one saith,”—
‘ Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
‘ Of a grey-coat coming, and sack of the South.
‘ These have I also heard—they pass
‘ With each new spring and the winter grass.

‘ Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
‘ Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
‘ Even to Kabul—in full durbar
‘ The King held talk with his Chief in War.
‘ Into the press of the crowd he broke,
‘ And what he had heard of the coming spoke.

‘ Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,
‘ As a mother might on a babbling child ;
‘ But those who would laugh restrained their breath,
‘ When the face of the King showed dark as death.

' Evil it is in full durbar
' To cry to a ruler of gathering war!
' Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
' That grew by a cleft of the city wall.
' And he said to the boy : " They shall praise thy zeal
' " So long as the red spurt follows the steel.
' " And the Russ is upon us even now ?
' " Great is thy prudence—await them, thou.
' " Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
' " Surely thy vigil is not for long.
' " The Russ is upon us, thy clamour ran ?
' " Surely an hour shall bring their van.
' " Wait and watch. When the host is near,
' " Shout aloud that my men may hear."

' Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
' To warn a King of his enemies ?
' A guard was set that he might not flee—
' A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
' The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
' When he shook at his death as he looked below.
' By the power of God, who alone is great,
' Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.

‘ Then madness took him, and men declare
‘ He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
‘ And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
‘ And he hung as a bat in the forks, and wailed,
‘ And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
‘ And he fell, and was caught on the points and died.

‘ Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
‘ To warn a King of his enemies ?
‘ We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
‘ But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
‘ Of the grey-coat coming who can say ?
‘ When the night is gathering all is grey.
‘ Two things greater than all things are,
‘ The first is Love, and the second War.
‘ And since we know not how War may prove,
‘ Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love !’

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

More than a hundred years ago, in a great battle fought near Delhi, an Indian Prince rode fifty miles after the day was lost with a beggar-girl, who had loved him and followed him in all his camps, on his saddle-bow. He lost the girl when almost within sight of safety. A Maratta trooper tells the story:—

THE wreath of banquet overnight lay withered on
the neck,

Our hands and scarves were saffron-dyed for signal
of despair,

When we went forth to Paniput to battle with the
Mlech,—

Ere we came back from Paniput and left a king-
dom there.

Thrice thirty thousand men were we to force the
Jumna fords—

The hawk-winged horse of Damajee, mailed
squadrons of the Bhao,

Stark levies of the southern hills, the Deccan's
sharpest swords,

And he the harlot's traitor son the goatherd
Mulhar Rao!

Thrice thirty thousand men were we before the mists
had cleared,

The low white mists of morning heard the war-
conch scream and bray ;

We called upon Bhowani and we gripped them by
the beard,

We rolled upon them like a flood and washed their
ranks away.

The children of the hills of Khost before our lances
ran,

We drove the black Rohillas back as cattle to the
pen ;

'Twas then we needed Mulhar Rao to end what we
began,

A thousand men had saved the charge ; he fled
the field with ten !

There was no room to clear a sword—no power to
strike a blow,

For foot to foot, ay, breast to breast, the battle
held us fast—

Save where the naked hill-men ran, and stabbing
from below

Brought down the horse and rider and we trampled
them and passed.

To left the roar of musketry rang like a falling
flood—

To right the sunshine rippled red from redder
lance and blade—

Above the dark *Upsaras*¹ flew, beneath us plashed
the blood,

And, bellying black against the dust, the Bhagwa
Jhanda swayed.

I saw it fall in smoke and fire, the banner of the
Bhao;

I heard a voice across the press of one who called
in vain :—

¹ The Choosers of the Slain.

‘Ho! Anand Rao Nimbalkhur, ride! Get aid of
Mulhar Rao!

‘Go shame his squadrons into fight—the Bhao—
the Bhao is slain!’

Thereat, as when a sand-bar breaks in clotted spume
and spray—

When rain of later autumn sweeps the Jumna
water-head,

Before their charge from flank to flank our riven
ranks gave way;

But of the waters of that flood the Jumna fords
ran red.

I held by Scindia, my lord, as close as man might
hold;

A Soobah of the Deccan asks no aid to guard his
life;

But Holkar’s Horse were flying, and our chiefest
chiefs were cold,

And like a flame among us leapt the long lean
Northern knife.

I held by Scindia—my lance from butt to tuft was
dyed,

The froth of battle bossed the shield and roped
the bridle-chain—

What time beneath our horses' feet a maiden rose
and cried,

And clung to Scindia, and I turned a sword-cut
from the twain.

(He set a spell upon the maid in woodlands
long ago,

A hunter by the Tapti banks she gave him water
there :

He turned her heart to water, and she followed to
her woe.

What need had he of Lalun who had twenty
maids as fair?)

Now in that hour strength left my lord; he wrenched
his mare aside ;

He bound the girl behind him and we slashed and
struggled free.

Across the reeling wreck of strife we rode as shadows
ride

From Paniput to Delhi town, but not alone
were we.

'Twas Lutuf-Ullah Populzai laid horse upon our
track,

A swine-fed reiver of the North that lusted for the
maid ;

I might have barred his path awhile, but Scindia
called me back,

And I—O woe for Scindia!—I listened and
obeyed.

League after league the formless scrub took shape
and glided by—

League after league the white road swirled behind
the white mare's feet—

League after league, when leagues were done, we
heard the Populzai,

Where sure as Time and swift as Death the tireless
footfall beat.

Noon's eye beheld that shame of flight, the shadows
fell, we fled

Where steadfast as the wheeling kite he followed
in our train ;

The black wolf warred where we had warred, the
jackal mocked our dead,

And terror born of twilight-tide made mad the
labouring brain.

I gasped :—‘ A kingdom waits my lord ; her love is
but her own.

‘ A day shall mar, a day shall cure for her, but what
for thee ?

‘ Cut loose the girl : he follows fast. Cut loose and
ride alone !’

Then Scindia 'twixt his blistered lips :—‘ My
Queens' Queen shall she be !

‘ Of all who ate my bread last night 'twas she alone
that came

‘ To seek her love between the spears and find her
crown therein !

‘One shame is mine to-day, what need the weight of
double shame?

‘If once we reach the Delhi gate, though all be
lost, I win!’

We rode—the white mare failed—her trot a stagger
ing stumble grew,—

The cooking-smoke of even rose and weltered and
hung low ;

And still we heard the Populzai and still we strained
anew,

And Delhi town was very near, but nearer was
the foe.

Yea, Delhi town was very near when Lalun whispered :
—‘Slay !

‘Lord of my life, the mare sinks fast—stab deep
and let me die !’

But Scindia would not, and the maid tore free and
flung away,

And turning as she fell we heard the clattering
Populzai.

Then Scindia checked the gasping mare that rocked
and groaned for breath,

And wheeled to charge and plunged the knife a
handsbreadth in her side—

The hunter and the hunted know how that last pause
is death—

The blood had chilled about her heart, she reared
and fell and died.

Our Gods were kind. Before he heard the maiden's
piteous scream

A log upon the Delhi road, beneath the mare he
lay—

Lost mistress and lost battle passed before him like
a dream ;

The darkness closed about his eyes—I bore my
King away.

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

*This is the ballad of Boh Da Thone,
Erst a Pretender to Theeban's throne,
Who harried the district of Alalone :
How he met with his fate and the V.P.P.
At the hand of Harendra Mukerji,
Senior Gomashita, G.B.T.*

BOH DA THONE was a warrior bold :
His sword and his Snider were bossed with gold,
And the Peacock Banner his henchmen bore
Was stiff with bullion, but stiffer with gore.
He shot at the strong and he slashed at the weak
From the Salween scrub to the Chindwin teak :
He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean,
He filled old ladies with kerosene :
While over the water the papers cried,
' The patriot fights for his countryside !'

But little they cared for the Native Press,
The worn white soldiers in Khaki dress,

Who tramped through the jungle and camped in
the byre,

Who died in the swamp and were tombed in the
mire,

Who gave up their lives, at the Queen's Command,
For the Pride of their Race and the Peace of the
Land.

Now, first of the foemen of Boh Da Thone
Was Captain O'Neil of the 'Black Tyrone,'

And his was a Company, seventy strong,
Who hustled that dissolute Chief along.

There were lads from Galway and Louth and
Meath

Who went to their death with a joke in their teeth,

And worshipped with fluency, fervour, and zeal
The mud on the boot-heels of 'Crook' O'Neil.

But ever a blight on their labours lay,
And ever their quarry would vanish away,

Till the sun-dried boys of the Black Tyrone
Took a brotherly interest in Boh Da Thone :

And, sooth, if pursuit in possession ends,
The Boh and his trackers were best of friends.

The word of a scout—a march by night—
A rush through the mist—a scattering fight—

A volley from cover—a corpse in the clearing—
The glimpse of a loin-cloth and heavy jade earring—

The flare of a village—the taily of slain—
And . . . the Boh was abroad ‘on the raid’ again!

They cursed their luck, as the Irish will,
They gave him credit for cunning and skill,

They buried their dead, they bolted their beef,
And started anew on the track of the thief

Till, in place of the ‘Kalends of Greece,’ men said,
‘When Crook and his darlings come back with the
head.’

They had hunted the Boh from the hills to the
plain—

He doubled and broke for the hills again :

They had crippled his power for rapine and raid,
They had routed him out of his pet stockade,

And at last, they came, when the Day Star tired,
To a camp deserted—a village fired.

A black cross blistered the Morning-gold,
And the body upon it was stark and cold.

The wind of the dawn went merrily past,
The high grass bowed her plumes to the blast.

And out of the grass, on a sudden, broke
A spirtle of fire, a whorl of smoke—

And Captain O'Neil of the Black Tyrone
Was blessed with a slug in the ulnar-bone—
The gift of his enemy Boh Da Thone.

(Now a slug that is hammered from telegraph-wire
Is a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire.)

.

The shot-wound festered—as shot-wounds may
In a steaming barrack at Mandalay.

The left arm throbbed, and the Captain swore,
'I'd like to be after the Boh once more!'

The fever held him—the Captain said,
‘I’d give a hundred to look at his head!’

The Hospital punkahs creaked and whirred,
But Babu Harendra (Gomashta) heard.

He thought of the cane-brake, green and dank,
That girdled his home by the Dacca tank.

He thought of his wife and his High School son,
He thought—but abandoned the thought—of a gun.

His sleep was broken by visions dread
Of a shining Boh with a silver head.

He kept his counsel and went his way,
And swindled the cartmen of half their pay.

.

And the months went on, as the worst must do,
And the Boh returned to the raid anew.

But the Captain had quitted the long-drawn strife,
And in far Simoorie had taken a wife.

And she was a damsel of delicate mould,
With hair like the sunshine and heart of gold,

And little she knew the arms that embraced
Had cloven a man from the brow to the waist :

And little she knew that the loving lips
Had ordered a quivering life's eclipse,

And the eye that lit at her lightest breath
Had glared unawed in the Gates of Death.

(For these be matters a man would hide,
As a general rule, from an innocent Bride.)

And little the Captain thought of the past,
And, of all men, Babu Harendra last.

.

But slow, in the sludge of the Kathun road,
The Government Bullock Train toted its load.

Speckless and spotless and shining with *ghee*,
In the rearmost cart sat the Babu-jee.

And ever a phantom before him fled
Of a scowling Boh with a silver head.

Then the lead-cart stuck, though the coolies slaved,
And the cartmen flogged and the escort raved ;

And out of the jungle, with yells and squeals,
Pranced Boh Da Thone, and his gang at his heels!

Then belching blunderbuss answered back
The Snider's snarl and the carbine's crack,

And the blithe revolver began to sing
To the blade that twanged on the locking-ring,

And the brown flesh blued where the bay'net
kissed,
As the steel shot back with a wrench and a twist,

And the great white bullocks with onyx eyes
Watched the souls of the dead arise,

And over the smoke of the fusillade
The Peacock Banner staggered and swayed.

Oh, gayest of scrimmages man may see
Is a well-worked rush on the G.B.T.!

The Babu shook at the horrible sight,
And girded his ponderous loins for flight,

But Fate had ordained that the Boh should start
On a lone-hand raid of the rearmost cart,

And out of that cart, with a bellow of woe,
The Babu fell—flat on the top of the Boh !

For years had Harendra served the State,
To the growth of his purse and the girth of his
pét.

There were twenty stone, as the tally-man knows,
On the broad of the chest of this best of Bohs.

And twenty stone from a height discharged
Are bad for a Boh with a spleen enlarged.

Oh, short was the struggle—severe was the shock—
He dropped like a bullock—he lay like a block ;

And the Babu above him, convulsed with fear,
Heard the labouring life-breath hissed out in his
ear.

And thus in a fashion undignified
The princely pest of the Chindwin died.

.

Turn now to Simoorie where, lapped in his ease,
The Captain is petting the Bride on his knees,

Where the *whit* of the bullet, the wounded man's
scream

Are mixed as the mist of some devilish dream—

Forgotten, forgotten the sweat of the shambles
Where the hill-daisy blooms and the grey monkey
gambols,

From the sword-belt set free and released from the
steel,

The Peace of the Lord is with Captain O'Neil.

Up the hill to Simoorie—most patient of drudges—
The bags on his shoulder, the mail-runner trudges.

‘For Captain O'Neil, *Sahib*. One hundred and ten
‘Rupees to collect on delivery.’

Then

(Their breakfast was stopped while the screw-jack
and hammer

Tore waxcloth, split teak-wood, and chipped out
the dammer;)

Open-eyed, open-mouthed, on the napery's snow,
With a crash and a thud, rolled—the Head of the
Boh !

And gummed to the scalp was a letter which
ran :—

‘IN FIELDING FORCE SERVICE.

‘*Encampment,*

‘10th Jan.

‘Dear Sir,—I have honour to send, *as you said,*

‘For final approval (see under) Boh’s Head ;

‘Was took by myself in most bloody affair.

‘By High Education brought pressure to bear.

‘Now violate Liberty, time being bad,

‘To mail V.P.P. (rupees hundred) Please add

‘Whatever Your Honour can pass. Price of Blood

‘Much cheap at one hundred, and children want food ;

‘So trusting Your Honour will somewhat retain

‘True love and affection for Govt. Bullock Train,

‘And show awful kindness to satisfy me,

‘I am,

‘Graceful Master,

‘Your

‘H. MUKERJI.’

.

As the rabbit is drawn to the rattlesnake's power,
As the smoker's eye fills at the opium hour,

As a horse reaches up to the manger above,
As the waiting ear yearns for the whisper of love,

From the arms of the Bride, iron-visaged and slow,
The Captain bent down to the Head of the Boh.

And e'en as he looked on the Thing where It lay
'Twixt the winking new spoons and the napkins'
array,

The freed mind fled back to the long-ago days—
The hand-to-hand scuffle—the smoke and the
blaze—

The forced march at night and the quick rush at
dawn—

The banjo at twilight, the burial ere morn—

The stench of the marshes—the raw, piercing smell
When the overhand stabbing-cut silenced the yell—

The oaths of his Irish that surged when they stood
Where the black crosses hung o'er the Kuttamow
flood.

As a derelict ship drifts away with the tide
The Captain went out on the Past from his Bride,
Back, back, through the springs to the chill of the
year,
When he hunted the Boh from Maloon to Tsaleer.

As the shape of a corpse dimmers up through deep
water,
In his eye lit the passionless passion of slaughter,
And men who had fought with O'Neil for the life
Had gazed on his face with less dread than his wife.

For she who had held him so long could not hold
him—
Though a four-month Eternity should have controlled him—

But watched the twin Terror—the head turned to
head—
The scowling, scarred Black, and the flushed savage
Red—

The spirit that changed from her knowing and flew
to
Some grim hidden Past she had never a clue to.

But It knew as It grinned, for he touched it unfearing,
 And muttered aloud, 'So you kept that jade earring!'

Then nodded, and kindly, as friend nods to friend,
 'Old man, you fought well, but you lost in the end.'

.

The visions departed, and Shame followed Passion:—
 'He took what I said in this horrible fashion,

'I'll write to Harendra!' With language unsainted
 The Captain came back to the Bride . . . who had
 fainted.

.

And this is a fiction? No. Go to Simoorie
 And look at their baby, a twelve-month old Hourie,

A pert little, Irish-eyed Kathleen Mavournin—
 She's always about on the Mall of a mornin'—

And you'll see, if her right shoulder-strap is displaced,
 This: *Gules upon argent*, a Boh's Head, *erased*!

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE
THIEF

O woe is me for the merry life
I led beyond the Bar,
And a treble woe for my winsome wife
That weeps at Shalimar.

They have taken away my long jezail,
My shield and sabre fine,
And heaved me into the Central Jail
For lifting of the kine.

The steer may low within the byre,
The Jut may tend his grain,
But there'll be neither loot nor fire
Till I come back again.

And God have mercy on the Jut
When once my fetters fall,
And Heaven defend the farmer's hut
When I am loosed from thrall.

It's woe to bend the stubborn back
Above the grinchin' quern,
It's woe to hear the leg-bar clack
And jingle when I turn !

But for the sorrow and the shame,
The brand on me and mine,
I'll pay you back in leaping flame
And loss of the butchered kine.

For every cow I spared before
In charity set free,
If I may reach my hold once more
I'll reive an honest three.

For every time I raised the lowe
That scared the dusty plain,
By sword and cord, by torch and tow
I'll light the land with twain !

Ride hard, ride hard to Abazai,
Young *Sahib* with the yellow hair—
Lie close, lie close as khuttucks lie,
Fat herds below Bonair.

The one I'll shoot at twilight-tide,
At dawn I'll drive the other ;
The black shall mourn for hoof and hide,
The white man for his brother.

'Tis war, red war, I'll give you then,
War till my sinews fail ;
For the wrong you have done to a chief of men,
And a thief of the Zukka Kheyl.

And if I fall to your hand afresh
I give you leave for the sin,
That you cram my throat with the foul pig's flesh,
And swing me in the skin !

THE RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS

This ballad appears to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, the American pirate. It is founded on fact.

. . . AT the close of a winter day,
Their anchors down, by London town, the Three
Great Captains lay ;
And one was Admiral of the North from Solway
Firth to Skye,
And one was Lord of the Wessex coast and all the
lands thereby,
And one was Master of the Thames from Limehouse
to Blackwall,
And he was Captain of the Fleet—the bravest of
them all.
Their good guns guarded the great grey sides that
were thirty foot in the sheer,
When there came a certain trading brig with news
of a privateer.

Her rigging was rough with the clotted drift that
drives in a Northern breeze,

Her sides were clogged with the lazy weed that
spawns in the Eastern seas.

Light she rode in the rude tide-rip, to left and right
she rolled,

And the skipper sat on the scuttle-butt and stared
at an empty hold.

‘I ha’ paid Port dues for your Law,’ quoth he, ‘and
where is the Law ye boast

‘If I sail unscathed from a heathen port to be robbed
on a Christian coast?’

‘Ye have smoked the hives of the Laccadives as we
burn the lice in a bunk,

‘We tack not now to a Gallang prow or a plunging
Pei-ho junk ;

‘I had no fear but the seas were clear as far as a sail
might fare

‘Till I met with a lime-washed Yankee brig that rode
off Finisterre.

‘There were canvas blinds to his bow-gun ports to
screen the weight he bore,

‘And the signals ran for a merchantman from Sandy
Hook to the Nore.

- ‘ He would not fly the Rovers’ flag—the bloody or
the black,
‘ But now he floated the Gridiron and now he flaunted
the Jack.
‘ He spoke of the Law as he crimped my crew—he
swore it was only a loan ;
‘ But when I would ask for my own again, he swore
it was none of my own.
‘ He has taken my little parrakeets that nest beneath
the Line,
‘ He has stripped my rails of the shaddock-frails and
the green unripened pine ;
‘ He has taken my bale of dammer and spice I won
beyond the seas,
‘ He has taken my grinning heathen gods—and what
should he want o’ these ?
‘ My foremast would not mend his boom, my deck-
house patch his boats ;
‘ He has whittled the two, this Yank Yahoo, to peddle
for shoe-peg oats.
‘ I could not fight for the failing light and a rough
beam-sea beside,
‘ But I hulled him once for a clumsy crimp and twice
because he lied.

- ‘ Had I had guns (as I had goods) to work my
Christian harm,
‘ I had run him up from his quarter-deck to trade
with his own yard-arm ;
‘ I had nailed his ears to my capstan-head, and ripped
them off with a saw,
‘ And soused them in the bilgewater, and served them
to him raw ;
‘ I had flung him blind in a rudderless boat to rot in
the rocking dark,
‘ I had towed him aft of his own craft, a bait for his
brother shark ;
‘ I had lapped him round with cocoa husk, and
drenched him with the oil,
‘ And lashed him fast to his own mast to blaze above
my spoil ;
‘ I had stripped his hide for my hammock-side, and
tasselled his beard i’ the mesh,
‘ And spitted his crew on the live bamboo that grows
through the gangrened flesh ;
‘ I had hove him down by the mangroves brown,
where the mud-reef sucks and draws,
‘ Moored by the heel to his own keel to wait for the
land-crab’s claws !

‘He is lazar within and lime without, ye can nose
him far enow,

‘For he carries the taint of a musky ship—the reek
of the slaver’s dhow!’

The skipper looked at the tiering guns and the
bulwarks tall and cold,

And the Captains Three full courteously peered
down at the gutted hold,

And the Captains Three called courteously from
deck to scuttle-butt:—

‘Good Sir, we ha’ dealt with that merchantman or
ever your teeth were cut.

‘Your words be words of a lawless race, and the Law
it standeth thus:

‘He comes of a race that have never a Law, and he
never has boarded us.

‘We ha’ sold him canvas and rope and spar—we
know that his price is fair,

‘And we know that he weeps for the lack of a Law
as he rides off Finisterre.

‘And since he is damned for a gallows-thief by you
and better than you,

‘We hold it meet that the English fleet should know
that we hold him true.’

The skipper called to the tall taffrail:—‘And what is that to me?’

‘Did ever you hear of a Yankee brig that rifled a Seventy-three?’

‘Do I loom so large from your quarter-deck that I lift like a ship o’ the Line?’

‘He has learned to run from a shotted gun and harry such craft as mine.

‘There is never a Law on the Cocos Keys to hold a white man in,

‘But we do not steal the niggers’ meal, for that is a nigger’s sin.

‘Must he have his Law as a quid to chew, or laid in brass on his wheel?’

‘Does he steal with tears when he buccaneers?’
‘Fore Gad, then, why does he steal?’

The skipper bit on a deep-sea word, and the word it was not sweet,

For he could see the Captains Three had signalled to the Fleet.

But three and two, in white and blue, the whimpering flags began:—

‘We have heard a tale of a—foreign sail, but he is a merchantman.’

The skipper peered beneath his palm and swore by
the Great Horn Spoon :—

‘Fore Gad, the Chaplain of the Fleet would bless
my picaroon !’

By two and three the flags blew free to lash the
laughing air :—

‘We have sold our spars to the merchantman—we
know that his price is fair.’

The skipper winked his Western eye, and swore by
a China storm :—

‘They ha’ rigged him a Joseph’s jury-coat to keep
his honour warm.’

The halliards twanged against the tops, the bunting
bellied broad,

The skipper spat in the empty hold and mourned
for a wasted cord.

Masthead—masthead, the signal sped by the line
o’ the British craft :

The skipper called to his Lascar crew, and put her
about and laughed :—

‘It’s mainsail haul, my bully boys all—we’ll out to
the seas again—

‘Ere they set us to paint their pirate saint, or scrub
at his grapnel-chain.

- ‘It’s fore-sheet free, with her head to the sea, and
the swing of the unbought brine—
- ‘We’ll make no sport in an English court till we
come as a ship o’ the Line :
- ‘Till we come as a ship o’ the Line, my lads, of
thirty foot in the sheer,
- ‘Lifting again from the outer main with news of a
privateer ;
- ‘Flying his pluck at our mizzen-truck for weft of
Admiralty,
- ‘Heaving his head for our dipsy-lead in sign that we
keep the sea.
- ‘Then fore-sheet home as she lifts to the foam—we
stand on the outward tack,
- ‘We are paid in the coin of the white man’s trade—
the bezant is hard, ay, and black.
- ‘The frigate-bird shall carry my word to the Kling
and the Orang-Laut
- ‘How a man may sail from a heathen coast to be
robbed in a Christian port ;
- ‘How a man may be robbed in Christian port while
Three Great Captains there
- ‘Shall dip their flag to a slaver’s rag—to show that
his trade is fair !’

THE BALLAD OF THE 'CLAMPHERDOWN'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown'
Would sweep the Channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry Channel chops arose,
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern-gun beside ;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and stanchions free
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown'
Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles—

As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—

And once she fired and twice she fired,
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
That lolls upon the stalk.

' Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,

' The deck-beams break below,

' 'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,

' And botch the shattered plates again.'

And he answered, ' Make it so.'

She opened fire within the mile—

As ye shoot at the flying duck—

And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless
blue,

And the great stern-turret stuck.

' Captain, the turret fills with steam,

' The feed-pipes burst below—

' You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,

' You can hear the twisted runners jam.'

And he answered, ' Turn and go !'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,'
And grimly did she roll ;
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire
When they war by the frozen Pole.

'Captain, the shells are falling fast,
'And faster still fall we ;
'And it is not meet for English stock
'To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock
'The death they cannot see.'

'Lie down, lie down, my bold A.B.,
'We drift upon her beam ;
'We dare not ram, for she can run ;
'And dare ye fire another gun,
'And die in the peeling steam?'

It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown'
That carried an armour-belt ;
But fifty feet at stern and bow
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

' Captain, they hack us through and through ;
 'The chilled steel bolts are swift !
' We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
' Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be.'
 And he answered, ' Let her drift.'

It was our war-ship ' Clampherdown,'
 Swung round upon the tide,
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,
 And she ground the cruiser's side.

' Captain, they cry, the fight is done,
 'They bid you send your sword.'
And he answered, ' Grapple her stern and bow.
' They have asked for the steel. They shall have it
 now ;
 ' Out cutlasses and board !'

It was our war-ship ' Clampherdown,'
 Spewed up four hundred men ;
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight,
 Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare
to the feet,
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking 'Clampherdown'
Heaved up her battered side—
And carried a million pounds in steel,
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,
And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the 'Clampherdown'
Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long ago,
And as it still shall be.

THE BALLAD OF THE 'BOLIVAR'

*Seven men from all the world back to Docks again,
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising
Cain :*

*Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away—
We that took the 'Bolivar' out across the Bay !*

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with
rails;

We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo
shifted ;

We put out from Sunderland—met the winter
gales—

Seven days and seven nights to the Start we
drifted.

Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack white
as snow,

All the coals adrift adeck, half the rails below,

Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a
dray—

Out we took the 'Bolivar,' out across the Bay !

One by one the Lights came up, winked and let us
by ;

Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'c'sle
short ;

Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulk-
head fly ;

Left the 'Wolf' behind us with a two-foot list to
port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her
soul ;

Clanging like a smithy-shop after every roll ;

Just a funnel and a mast lurching through the
spray—

So we threshed the 'Bolivar' out across the Bay !

Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she'd
break ;

Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand the
shock ;

Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her
strake ;

Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the
plummer-block.

Banged against the iron decks, bilges choked
with coal ;

Flayed and frozen foot and hand, sick of heart
and soul ;

Last we prayed she'd buck herself into Judg-
ment Day—

Hi ! we cursed the 'Bolivar' knocking round
the Bay !

O her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be still—

Up and down and back we went, never time for
breath ;

Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her by the
heel,

And the stars ran round and round dancin' at our
death.

Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between ;

Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it
green ;

Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at
play—

That was on the 'Bolivar,' south across the Bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to
swell—

Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was
we—

Some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand
hotel;

Cheered her from the 'Bolivar' swampin' in
the sea.

Then a greyback cleared us out, then the
skipper laughed;

'Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell—rig the
winches aft!

'Yoke the kicking rudder-head—get her under
way!'

So we steered her, pully-haul, out across the
Bay!

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.

Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder,
we

Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the
Eternal Sea!

*Seven men from all the world, back to town again,
Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising
Cain :*

*Seven men from out of Hell. Ain't the owners gay,
'Cause we took the ' Bolivar ' safe across the Bay ?*

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

*Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai
Bears witness to the truth, and Ao-Safai
Hath told the men of Gorukh. Thence the tale
Comes westward o'er the peaks to India.*

The story of Bisesa, Armod's child,—
A maiden plighted to the Chief in War,
The Man of Sixty Spears, who held the Pass
That leads to Thibet, but to-day is gone
To seek his comfort of the God called Budh
The Silent—showing how the Sickness ceased
Because of her who died to save the tribe.

Taman is One and greater than us all,
Taman is One and greater than all Gods :
Taman is Two in One and rides the sky,
Curved like a stallion's croup, from dusk to dawn,
And drums upon it with his heels, whereby
Is bred the neighing thunder in the hills.

This is Taman, the God of all Er-Heb,
Who was before all Gods, and made all Gods,
And presently will break the Gods he made,
And step upon the Earth to govern men
Who give him milk-dry ewes and cheat his
Priests,

Or leave his shrine unlighted—as Er-Heb
Left it unlighted and forgot Taman,
When all the Valley followed after Kysh
And Yabosh, little Gods but very wise,
And from the sky Taman beheld their sin.

He sent the Sickness out upon the hills
The Red Horse Sickness with the iron hooves,
To turn the Valley to Taman again.

And the Red Horse snuffed thrice into the wind,
The naked wind that had no fear of him ;
And the Red Horse stamped thrice upon the snow,
The naked snow that had no fear of him ;
And the Red Horse went out across the rocks
The ringing rocks that had no fear of him ;
And downward, where the lean birch meets the
snow,

And downward, where the grey pine meets the birch,
And downward, where the dwarf oak meets the pine,
Till at his feet our cup-like pastures lay.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
Dropped as a cloth upon a dead man's face,
And weltered in the valley, bluish-white
Like water very silent—spread abroad,
Like water very silent, from the Shrine
Unlighted of Taman to where the stream
Is dammed to fill our cattle-troughs—sent up
White waves that rocked and heaved and then were
still,

Till all the Valley glittered like a marsh,
Beneath the moonlight, filled with sluggish mist
Knee-deep, so that men waded as they walked.

That night, the Red Horse grazed above the Dam,
Beyond the cattle-troughs. Men heard him feed,
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.

Thus came the sickness to Er-Heb, and slew
Ten men, strong men, and of the women four;
And the Red Horse went hillward with the dawn,
But near the cattle-troughs his hoof-prints lay.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
Dropped as a cloth upon the dead, but rose
A little higher, to a young girl's height ;
Till all the valley glittered like a lake,
Beneath the moonlight, filled with sluggish mist.

That night, the Red Horse grazed beyond the Dam
A stone's-throw from the troughs. Men heard him
 feed,
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.
Thus came the sickness to Er-Heb, and slew
Of men a score, and of the women eight,
And of the children two.

 Because the road
To Gorukh was a road of enemies,
And Ao-Safai was blocked with early snow,
We could not flee from out the Valley. Death
Smote at us in a slaughter-pen, and Kysh
Was mute as Yabosh, though the goats were slain ;
And the Red Horse grazed nightly by the stream,
And later, outward, towards the Unlighted Shrine,
And those that heard him sickened where they
 lay.

Then said Bisesa to the Priests at dusk,
When the white mist rose up breast-high, and choked
The voices in the houses of the dead :—

‘Yabosh and Kysh avail not. If the Horse
‘Reach the Unlighted Shrine we surely die.
‘Ye have forgotten of all Gods the Chief,
‘Taman!’ Here rolled the thunder through the Hill.
And Yabosh shook upon his pedestal.
‘Ye have forgotten of all Gods the chief
‘Too long.’ And all were dumb save one, who cried
On Yabosh with the Sapphire ’twixt His knees,
But found no answer in the smoky roof,
And, being smitten of the sickness, died
Before the altar of the Sapphire Shrine.

Then said Bisesa :—‘I am near to Death,
‘And have the Wisdom of the Grave for gift
‘To bear me on the path my feet must tread.
‘If there be wealth on earth, then I am rich,
‘For Armod is the first of all Er-Heb ;
‘If there be beauty on the earth,’—her eyes
Dropped for a moment to the temple floor,—
‘Ye know that I am fair. If there be Love,
‘Ye know that love is mine.’ The Chief in War,

The Man of Sixty Spears, broke from the press,
And would have clasped her, but the Priests with-
stood,

Saying :—‘ She has a message from Taman.’

Then said Bisesa :—‘ By my wealth and love

‘ And beauty, I am chosen of the God

‘ Taman.’ Here rolled the thunder through the
Hills

And Kysh fell forward on the Mound of Skulls.

In darkness, and before our Priests, the maid

Between the altars cast her bracelets down,

Therewith the heavy earrings Armod made,

When he was young, out of the water-gold

Of Gorukh—threw the breast-plate thick with jade

Upon the turquoise anklets—put aside

The bands of silver on her brow and neck ;

And as the trinkets tinkled on the stones,

The thunder of Taman lowed like a bull.

Then said Bisesa, stretching out her hands,

As one in darkness fearing Devils :—‘ Help !

‘ O Priests, I am a woman very weak,

‘And who am I to know the will of Gods?
‘Taman hath called me—whither shall I go?’
The Chief in War, the Man of Sixty Spears,
Howled in his torment, fettered by the Priests,
But dared not come to her to drag her forth,
And dared not lift his spear against the Priests.
Then all men wept.

There was a Priest of Kysh
Bent with a hundred winters, hairless, blind,
And taloned as the great Snow-Eagle is.
His seat was nearest to the altar-fires,
And he was counted dumb among the Priests.
But, whether Kysh decreed, or from Taman
The impotent tongue found utterance we know
As little as the bats beneath the eaves.
He cried so that they heard who stood without :—
‘To the Unlighted Shrine!’ and crept aside
Into the shadow of his fallen God
And whimpered, and Bisesa went her way.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
Dropped as a cloth upon the dead, and rose
Above the roofs, and by the Unlighted Shrine

Lay as the slimy water of the troughs
When murrain thins the cattle of Er-Heb :
And through the mist men heard the Red Horse
feed.

In Armod's house they burned Bisesa's dower,
And killed her black bull Tor, and broke her wheel,
And loosed her hair, as for the marriage-feast,
With cries more loud than mourning for the dead.

Across the fields, from Armod's dwelling-place,
We heard Bisesa weeping where she passed
To seek the Unlighted Shrine ; the Red Horse
neighed
And followed her, and on the river-mint
His hooves struck dead and heavy in our ears.

Out of the mists of evening, as the star
Of Ao-Safai climbs through the black snow-blur
To show the Pass is clear, Bisesa stepped
Upon the great grey slope of mortised stone,
The Causeway of Taman. The Red Horse neighed
Behind her to the Unlighted Shrine—then fled
North to the Mountain where his stable lies.

They know who dared the anger of Taman,
And watched that night above the clinging mists,
Far up the hill, Bisesa's passing in.

She set her hand upon the carven door,
Fouled by a myriad bats, and black with time,
Whereon is graved the Glory of Taman
In letters older than the Ao-Safai ;
And twice she turned aside and twice she wept,
Cast down upon the threshold, clamouring
For him she loved—the Man of Sixty Spears,
And for her father,—and the black bull Tor,
Hers and her pride. Yea, twice she turned away
Before the awful darkness of the door,
And the great horror of the Wall of Man
Where Man is made the plaything of Taman,
An Eyeless Face that waits above and laughs.

But the third time she cried and put her palms
Against the hewn stone leaves, and prayed Taman
To spare Er-Heb and take her life for price.

They know who watched, the doors were rent apart
And closed upon Bisesa, and the rain

Broke like a flood across the Valley, washed
The mist away ; but louder than the rain
The thunder of Taman filled men with fear.

Some say that from the Unlighted Shrine she cried
For succour, very pitifully, thrice,
And others that she sang and had no fear.
And some that there was neither song nor cry,
But only thunder and the lashing rain.

Howbeit, in the morning men rose up,
Perplexed with horror, crowding to the Shrine.
And when Er-Heb was gathered at the doors
The Priests made lamentation and passed in
To a strange Temple and a God they feared
But knew not.

From the crevices the grass
Had thrust the altar-slabs apart, the walls
Were grey with stains unclean, the roof-beams
swelled
With many-coloured growth of rottenness,
And lichen veiled the Image of Taman
In leprosy. The Basin of the Blood

Above the altar held the morning sun :
A winking ruby on its heart : below,
Face hid in hands, the maid Bisesa lay.

*Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai
Bears witness to the truth, and Ao-Safai
Hath told the men of Gorukh. Thence the tale
Comes westward o'er the peaks to India.*

THE EXPLANATION

Love and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw—alas!—
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!
Mingled arrows each one sheaved;
Death's dread armoury was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred;
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of Death.

Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die?

THE GIFT OF THE SEA

THE dead child lay in the shroud,
And the widow watched beside ;
And her mother slept, and the Channel swept
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the mother laughed at all.

‘ I have lost my man in the sea,
‘ And the child is dead. Be still,’ she said,
‘ What more can ye do to me ?’

The widow watched the dead,
And the candle guttered low,
And she tried to sing the Passing Song
That bids the poor soul go.

And ‘ Mary take you now,’ she sang,
‘ That lay against my heart.’
And ‘ Mary smooth your crib to-night,’
But she could not say ‘ Depart.’

Then came a cry from the sea,
But the sea-rime blinded the glass,
And 'Heard ye nothing, mother?' she said,
' 'Tis the child that waits to pass.'

And the nodding mother sighed.
' 'Tis a lambing ewe in the whin,
'For why should the christened soul cry out
'That never knew of sin?'

'O feet I have held in my hand,
'O hands at my heart to catch,
'How should they know the road to go,
'And how should they lift the latch?'

They laid a sheet to the door,
With the little quilt atop,
That it might not hurt from the cold or the dirt.
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch
And strained her eyes to see,
And opened the door on the bitter shore
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,
There was neither spirit nor spark,
And 'Heard ye nothing, mother?' she said,
'Tis crying for me in the dark.'

And the nodding mother sighed:
'Tis sorrow makes ye dull;
'Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
'Or the wail of the wind-blown gull?'

'The terns are blown inland,
'The grey gull follows the plough.
'Twas never a bird, the voice I heard,
'O mother, I hear it now!'

'Lie still, dear lamb, lie still;
'The child is passed from harm,
'Tis the ache in your breast that broke your rest,
'And the feel of an empty arm.'

She put her mother aside,
'In Mary's name let be!
'For the peace of my soul I must go,' she said,
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,
Where the twisted weed was piled,
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,
For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast,
And back to her mother she came,
But it would not feed and it would not heed,
Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,
And her own in the shroud lay stark ;
And ' God forgive us, mother,' she said,
' We let it die in the dark !'

EVARRA AND HIS GODS

Read here :

This is the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because the city gave him of her gold,
Because the caravans brought turquoises,
Because his life was sheltered by the King,
So that no man should maim him, none should
steal,

Or break his rest with babble in the streets
When he was weary after toil, he made
An image of his God in gold and pearl,
With turquoise diadem and human eyes,
A wonder in the sunshine, known afar,
And worshipped by the King ; but, drunk with
pride,

Because the city bowed to him for God,
He wrote above the shrine: ‘ *Thus Gods are made,
‘ And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.*’
And all the city praised him. . . . Then he died.

Read here the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because the city had no wealth to give,
 Because the caravans were spoiled afar,
 Because his life was threatened by the King,
 So that all men despised him in the streets,
 He hewed the living rock, with sweat and tears,
 And reared a God against the morning-gold,
 A terror in the sunshine, seen afar,
 And worshipped by the King; but, drunk with
 pride,
 Because the city fawned to bring him back,
 He carved upon the plinth: '*Thus Gods are made,*
 '*And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.*'
 And all the people praised him. . . . Then he
 died.

Read here the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because he lived among a simple folk,
 Because his village was between the hills,
 Because he smeared his cheeks with blood of ewes,
 He cut an idol from a fallen pine,
 Smeared blood upon its cheeks, and wedged a shell

Above its brows for eyes, and gave it hair
Of trailing moss, and plaited straw for crown.
And all the village praised him for this craft,
And brought him butter, honey, milk, and curds.
Wherefore, because the shoutings drove him mad,
He scratched upon that log : ‘ *Thus Gods are made,*
‘ And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.’
And all the people praised him. . . . Then he
died.

Read here the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because his God decreed one clot of blood
Should swerve one hair’s-breadth from the pulse’s
path,
And chafe his brain, Evarra mowed alone,
Rag-wrapped, among the cattle in the fields,
Counting his fingers, jesting with the trees,
And mocking at the mist, until his God
Drove him to labour. Out of dung and horns
Dropped in the mire he made a monstrous God,
Abhorrent, shapeless, crowned with plantain tufts,
And when the cattle lowed at twilight-time,
He dreamed it was the clamour of lost crowds,

And howled among the beasts : ‘ *Thus Gods are made,*

‘ *And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.*’

Thereat the cattle bellowed. . . . Then he died.

Yet at the last he came to Paradise,

And found his own four Gods, and that he wrote ;

And marvelled, being very near to God,

What oaf on earth had made his toil God’s law,

Till God said mocking : ‘ Mock not. These be
thine.’

Then cried Evarra : ‘ I have sinned !’—‘ Not so.

‘ If thou hadst written otherwise, thy Gods

‘ Had rested in the mountain and the mine,

‘ And I were poorer by four wondrous Gods,

‘ And thy more wondrous law, Evarra. Thine,

‘ Servant of shouting crowds and lowing kine.’

Thereat, with laughing mouth, but tear-wet eyes,
Evarra cast his Gods from Paradise.

This is the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on
Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched
with a stick in the mould ;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen
was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, ' It's
pretty, but is it Art ? '

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion
his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first,
most dread review ;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and
that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled ' Is it Art ? ' in the ear
of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench
the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks : ' It's
striking, but is it Art ?'
The stone was dropped at the quarry-side and the
idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of Art, and
each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the North and
the South, they talked and they fought in
the West,
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the
poor Red Clay had rest—
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the
dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel : ' It's
human, but is it Art ?'

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—and new as
the new-cut tooth—
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is
master of Art and Truth ;

And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the
beat of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane : ' You did
it, but was it Art ? '

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the
shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the
yelk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the
horse is drawn by the cart ;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old : ' It's
clever, but is it Art ? '

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the
Club-room's green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with
their pens in the mould—
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their
graves, and the ink and the anguish start,
For the Devil mutters behind the leaves : ' It's
pretty, but is it Art ? '

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the
Four Great Rivers flow,
And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she
left it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept and
softly scurry through,
By the favour of God we might know as much—
as our father Adam knew.

THE LEGEND OF EVIL

I

THIS is the sorrowful story
Told when the twilight fails
And the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails :—

‘ Our fathers lived in the forest,
‘ Foolish people were they,
‘ They went down to the cornland
‘ To teach the farmers to play.

‘ Our fathers frisked in the millet,
‘ Our fathers skipped in the wheat,
‘ Our fathers hung from the branches
‘ Our fathers danced in the street.

‘ Then came the terrible farmers,
‘ Nothing of play they knew,
‘ Only . . . they caught our fathers
‘ And set them to labour too !

‘Set them to work in the cornland
‘With ploughs and sickles and flails,
‘Put them in mud-walled prisons
‘And—cut off their beautiful tails!

‘Now, we can watch our fathers,
‘Sullen and bowed and old,
‘Stooping over the millet,
‘Sharing the silly mould,

‘Driving a foolish furrow,
‘Mending a muddy yoke,
‘Sleeping in mud-walled prisons,
‘Steeping their food in smoke.

‘We may not speak to our fathers,
‘For if the farmers knew
‘They would come up to the forest
‘And set us to labour too.’

This is the horrible story
Told as the twilight fails
And the monkeys walk together
Holding each other’s tails.

II

'Twas when the rain fell steady an' the Ark was
 'pitched an' ready,
 That Noah got his orders for to take the bastes
 below ;
He dragged them all together by the horn an' hide
 an' feather,
 An' all excipt the Donkey was agreeable to go.

Thin Noah spoke him fairly, thin talked to him
 severely,
 An' thin he cursed him squarely to the glory av
 the Lord :—
Divil take the ass that bred you, and the greater
 ass that fed you—
 Divil go wid you, ye spalpeen !' an' the Donkey
 went aboard.

But the wind was always failin', an' 'twas most
 onaisy sailin',
 An' the ladies in the cabin couldn't stand the
 stable air ;

An' the bastes betwuxt the hatches, they tuk an'
died in batches,
Till Noah said :—'There's wan av us that hasn't
paid his fare !'

For he heard a flusteration wid the bastes av all
creation—

The trumpetin' av elephints an' bellowin' av
whales ;

An' he saw forninst the windy whin he wint to
stop the shindy
The Divil wid a stable-fork bedivillin' their tails.

The Divil cursed outrageous, but Noah said um-
brageous :—

'To what am I indebted for this tenant-right
invasion ?'

An' the Divil gave for answer :—'Evict me if you
can, sir,

'For I came in wid the Donkey—on Your
Honour's invitation.'

THE ENGLISH FLAG

Above the portico a flag-staff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident.

DAILY PAPERS.

WINDS of the World, give answer! They are
whimpering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only
England know?—

The poor little street-bred people that vapour and
fume and brag,

They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp
at the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster
anew with dirt?

An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's
shirt?

We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or
share.

What is the Flag of England? Winds of the
World, declare!

The North Wind blew :—‘ From Bergen my steel-
shod van-guards go ;
‘ I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe ;
‘ By the great North Lights above me I work the
will of God,
‘ And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger
fills with cod.
‘ I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors
with flame,
‘ Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies
came ;
‘ I took the sun from their presence, I cut them
down with my blast,
‘ And they died, but the Flag of England blew free
ere the spirit passed.
‘ The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long
Arctic night,
‘ The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the
Northern Light :
‘ What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my
bergs to dare,
‘ Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it
there !’

The South Wind sighed:—‘From the Virgins my
mid-sea course was ta’en

‘Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,

‘Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the
long-backed breakers croon

‘Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked
lagoon.

‘Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer
keys,

‘I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud in
the breeze—

‘Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,

‘But over the scud and the palm-trees an English
flag was flown.

‘I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang
for a wisp on the Horn ;

‘I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and
rolled and torn ;

‘I have spread its fold o’er the dying, adrift in a
hopeless sea ;

‘I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the
slave set free.

‘ My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
‘ Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the
Southern Cross.
‘ What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
reefs to dare,
‘ Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is
there !’

The East Wind roared :—‘ From the Kuriles, the
Bitter Seas, I come,
‘ And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the
English home.
‘ Look—look well to your shipping ! By the breath
of my mad typhoon
‘ I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your
best at Kowloon !
‘ The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas
before,
‘ I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singa-
pore !
‘ I set my hand on the Hoogli ; as a hooded snake
she rose,
‘ And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with
the startled crows.

‘ Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
‘ But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for
England’s sake—

‘ Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or
maid—

‘ Because on the bones of the English the English
Flag is stayed.

‘ The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass
knows,

‘ The scared white leopard winds it across the taint-
less snows.

‘ What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
sun to dare,

‘ Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is
there!’

The West Wind called :—‘ In squadrons the thought-
less galleons fly

‘ That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred
people die.

‘ They make my might their porter, they make my
house their path,

‘ Till I loose my neck from their rudder and overwhelm
them all in my wrath.

- ‘ I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn
from the hole,
‘ They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship-
bells toll,
‘ For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud
with my breath,
‘ And they see strange bows above them and the
two go locked to death.
- ‘ But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by
dark or day,
‘ I heave them whole to the conger or rip their
plates away,
‘ First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
‘ Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes
by.
- ‘ The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen
dews have kissed—
‘ The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the
mist.
- ‘ What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
breath to dare,
‘ Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it
is there !’

‘CLEARED’

(IN MEMORY OF A COMMISSION)

HELP for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit
hurt,
Help for an honourable clan sore trampled in the
dirt !
From Queenstown Bay to Donegal, O listen to my
song,
The honourable gentlemen have suffered grievous
wrong.

Their noble names were mentioned—O the burning
black disgrace !—
By a brutal Saxon paper in an Irish shooting-
case ;
They sat upon it for a year, then steeled their heart
to brave it,
And ‘coruscating innocence’ the learned Judges
gave it.

Bear witness, Heaven, of that grim crime beneath
the surgeon's knife,
The honourable gentlemen deplored the loss of
life!
Bear witness of those chanting choirs that burk and
shirk and snigger,
No man laid hand upon the knife or finger to the
trigger!

Cleared in the face of all mankind beneath the
winking skies,
Like phœnixes from Phœnix Park (and what lay
there) they rise!
Go shout it to the emerald seas—give word to Erin
now,
Her honourable gentlemen are cleared—and this
is how:—

They only paid the Moonlighter his cattle-hocking
price,
They only helped the murderer with counsel's best
advice,

But—sure it keeps their honour white—the learned
Court believes
They never give a piece of plate to murderers and
thieves.

They never told the ramping crowd to card a
woman's hide,
They never marked a man for death—what fault of
theirs he died?—
They only said 'intimidate,' and talked and went
away—
By God, the boys that did the work were braver
men than they!

Their sin it was that fed the fire—small blame to
them that heard—
The 'bhoys' get drunk on rhetoric, and madden
at a word—
They knew whom they were talking at, if they
were Irish too,
The gentlemen that lied in Court, they knew, and
well they knew.

They only took the Judas-gold from Fenians out of
jail,

They only fawned for dollars on the blood-dyed
Clan-na-Gael.

If black is black or white is white, in black and
white it’s down,

They’re only traitors to the Queen and rebels to
the Crown.

‘ Ceared,’ honourable gentlemen! Be thankful it’s
no more :—

The widow’s curse is on your house, the dead are
at your door.

On you the shame of open shame, on you from
North to South

The hand of every honest man flat-heeled across
your mouth.

‘ Less black than we were painted ’?—Faith, no
word of black was said ;

The lightest touch was human blood, and that, you
know, runs red.

It's sticking to your fist to-day for all your sneer
and scoff,
And by the Judge's well-weighed word you cannot
wipe it off.

Hold up those hands of innocence—go, scare your
sheep together,
The blundering, tripping tups that bleat behind the
old bell-wether ;
And if they snuff the taint and break to find
another pen,
Tell them it's tar that glistens so, and daub them
yours again !

'The charge is old' ?—As old as Cain—as fresh as
yesterday ;
Old as the Ten Commandments—have ye talked
those laws away ?
If words are words, or death is death, or powder
sends the ball,
You spoke the words that sped the shot—the curse
be on you all.

‘Our friends believe’? Of course they do—as
sheltered women may;

But have they seen the shrieking soul ripped from
the quivering clay?

They!—If their own front door is shut, they’ll
swear the whole world’s warm;

What do they know of dread of death or hanging
fear of harm?

The secret half a county keeps, the whisper in the
lane,

The shriek that tells the shot went home behind
the broken pane,

The dry blood crisping in the sun that scares the
honest bees,

And shows the ‘bhoys’ have heard your talk—what
do they know of these?

But you—you know—ay, ten times more; the
secrets of the dead,

Black terror on the country-side by word and
whisper bred,

The mangled stallion's scream at night, the tail-cropped heifer's low.

Who set the whisper going first? You know, and well you know!

My soul! I'd sooner lie in jail for murder plain
and straight,

Pure crime I'd done with my own hand for money,
lust, or hate,

Than take a seat in Parliament by fellow-felons
cheered,

While one of those 'not provens' proved me cleared
as you are cleared.

Cleared—you that 'lost' the League accounts—go,
guard our honour still,

Go, help to make our country's laws that broke
God's law at will—

One hand stuck out behind the back, to signal
'strike again';

The other on your dress-shirt-front to show your
heart is clane.

If black is black or white is white, in black and
white it's down,

You're only traitors to the Queen and rebels to the
Crown.

If print is print or words are words, the learned
Court perpend:—

We are not ruled by murderers, but only—by their
friends.

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

Now this is the tale of the Council the German
Kaiser decreed,
To ease the strong of their burden, to help the
weak in their need,
He sent a word to the peoples, who struggle, and
pant, and sweat,
That the straw might be counted fairly and the
tally of bricks be set.

The Lords of Their Hands assembled ; from the
East and the West they drew—
Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brummagem, Clyde,
and Crewe.
And some were black from the furnace, and some
were brown from the soil,
And some were blue from the dye-vat ; but all were
wearied of toil.

And the young King said :—‘ I have found it, the
road to the rest ye seek :

‘ The strong shall wait for the weary, the hale shall
halt for the weak ;

‘ With the even tramp of an army where no man
breaks from the line,

‘ Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the bond of
brotherhood—sign !’

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads bowed
thereby,

And a wail went up from the peoples :—‘ Ay, sign—
give rest, for we die !’

A hand was stretched to the goose-quill, a fist was
cramped to scrawl,

When—the laugh of a blue-eyed maiden ran clear
through the council-hall.

And each one heard Her laughing as each one saw
Her plain—

Saidie, Mimi, or Olga, Gretchen, or Mary Jane.

And the Spirit of Man that is in Him to the light
of the vision woke ;

And the men drew back from the paper, as a
Yankee delegate spoke :—

‘There’s a girl in Jersey City who works on the
telephone;
‘We’re going to hitch our horses and dig for a
house of our own,
‘With gas and water connections, and steam heat
through to the top;
‘And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work till I drop.’

And an English delegate thundered:—‘The weak
an’ the lame be blowed!
‘I’ve a berth in the Sou’-West workshops, a home
in the Wandsworth Road;
‘And till the ’sociation has footed my buryin’ bill,
‘I work for the kids an’ the missus. Pull up! I’ll
be damned if I will!’

And over the German benches the bearded whisper
ran:—
‘Lager, der giris und der dollars, dey makes or dey
breaks a man.
‘If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der
girl deremit;
‘But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der
girl from Schmitt.’

They passed one resolution :—‘ Your sub-committee
believe

‘ You can lighten the curse of Adam when you’ve
lightened the curse of Eve.

‘ But till we are built like angels, with hammer and
chisel and pen,

‘ We will work for ourself and a woman, for ever and
ever, amen.’

Now this is the tale of the Council the German
Kaiser held—

The day that they razored the Grindstone, the
day that the Cat was belled,

The day of the Figs from Thistles, the day of the
Twisted Sands,

The day that the laugh of a maiden made light of
the Lords of Their Hands.

TOMLINSON

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in
Berkeley Square,
And a Spirit came to his bedside and gripped him
by the hair—
A Spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him
far away,
Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar
of the Milky Way :
Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down
and drone and cease,
And they came to the Gate within the Wall where
Peter holds the keys.
'Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer
loud and high
'The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever
ye came to die—
'The good that ye did for the sake of men in little
earth so lone !'

And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as
a rain-washed bone.

‘O I have a friend on earth,’ he said, ‘that was
my priest and guide,

‘And well would he answer all for me if he were by
my side.’

—‘For that ye strove in neighbour-love it shall be
written fair,

‘But now ye wait at Heaven’s Gate and not in
Berkeley Square :

‘Though we called your friend from his bed this
night, he could not speak for you,

‘For the race is run by one and one and never by
two and two.’

Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and little
gain was there,

For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he saw
that his soul was bare :

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut
him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up his tale and spoke of his
good in life.

‘This I have read in a book,’ he said, ‘and that was
told to me,

‘And this I have thought that another man thought
of a Prince in Muscovy.’

The good souls flocked like homing doves and
bade him clear the path,

And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness
and wrath.

‘Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,’ he
said, ‘and the tale is yet to run :

‘By the worth of the body that once ye had, give
answer—what ha’ ye done ?’

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and little
good it bore,

For the Darkness stayed at his shoulder-blade and
Heaven’s Gate before :—

‘O this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and
this I have heard men say,

‘And this they wrote that another man wrote of a
carl in Norroway.’

‘Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed, good
lack ! Ye have hampered Heaven’s Gate ;

‘There ’s little room between the stars in idleness to
prate !

‘O none may reach by hired speech of neighbour,
priest, and kin

‘Through borrowed deed to God’s good meed that
lies so fair within ;

‘Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for
doom has yet to run,

‘And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley
Square uphold you, Tomlinson !’

.

The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by sun
they fell

Till they came to the belt of Naughty Stars that
rim the mouth of Hell :

The first are red with pride and wrath, the next are
white with pain,

But the third are black with clinkered sin that
cannot burn again :

They may hold their path, they may leave their
path, with never a soul to mark,

They may burn or freeze, but they must not cease
in the Scorn of the Outer Dark.

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it nipped
him to the bone,

And he yearned to the flare of Hell-gate there as
the light of his own hearth-stone

The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the desperate
legions drew,

But he caught the hasting Tomlinson and would not
let him through.

‘Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must
pay?’ said he,

‘That ye rank yoursel’ so fit for ‘Hell and ask no
leave of me?’

‘I am all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that ye should
give me scorn,

‘For I strove with God for your First Father the day
that he was born.

‘Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer loud
and high

‘The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or ever
you came to die.’

And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against
the night

The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-
Mouth light;

And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw
beneath his feet

The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-
Mouth heat.

‘O I had a love on earth,’ said he, ‘that kissed
me to my fall,

‘And if ye would call my love to me I know she
would answer all.’

—‘All that ye did in love forbid it shall be written
fair,

‘But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate and not in
Berkeley Square :

‘Though we whistled your love from her bed to-night,
I trow she would not run,

‘For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for
one by one !’

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut him
like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his
sin in life :—

‘Once I ha’ laughed at the power of Love and twice
at the grip of the Grave,

‘And thrice I ha’ patted my God on the head that
men might call me brave.’

The Devil he blew on a brandered soul and set it
aside to cool :—

‘Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal on the
hide of a brain-sick fool ?

‘I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the jolt-head jest ye did

‘That I should waken my gentlemen that are sleeping three on a grid.’

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and there was little grace,

For Hell-Gate filled the houseless Soul with the Fear of Naked Space.

‘Nay, this I ha’ heard,’ quo’ Tomlinson, ‘and this was noised abroad,

‘And this I ha’ got from a Belgian book on the word of a dead French lord.’

—‘Ye ha’ heard, ye ha’ read, ye ha’ got, good lack! and the tale begins afresh—

‘Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o’ the eye or the sinful lust of the flesh?’

Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yammered,
‘Let me in—

‘For I mind that I borrowed my neighbour’s wife to sin the deadly sin.’

The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked the fires high :

‘Did ye read of that sin in a book?’ said he ; and Tomlinson said, ‘Ay!’

The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little
devils ran,

And he said : 'Go husk this whimpering thief that
comes in the guise of a man :

'Winnow him out 'twixt star and star, and sieve his
proper worth :

'There's sore decline in Adam's line if this be spawn
of earth.'

Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not face the
fire,

But weep that they bin too small to sin to the height
of their desire,

Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked it
all abroad,

As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven's foolish
hoard.

And back they came with the tattered Thing, as
children after play,

And they said : 'The soul that he got from God he
has bartered clean away.

'We have threshed a stook of print and book, and
winnowed a chattering wind

'And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his we
cannot find :

‘We have handled him, we have dandled him, we
have seared him to the bone,

‘And sure if tooth and nail show truth he has no soul
of his own.’

The Devil he bowed his head on his breast and
rumbled deep and low :—

‘I’m all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that I should bid
him go.

‘Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I gave him
place,

‘My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me to
my face ;

‘They’d call my house a common stews and me a
careless host,

‘And—I would not anger my gentlemen for the sake
of a shiftless ghost.’

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that
prayed to feel the flame,

And he thought of Holy Charity, but he thought of
his own good name :—

‘Now ye could haste my coal to waste, and sit ye
down to fry :

‘Did ye think of that theft for yourself?’ said he ;
and Tomlinson said, ‘Ay!’

The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his heart
was free from care :—

‘Ye have scarce the soul of a louse,’ he said, ‘but
the roots of sin are there,

‘And for that sin should ye come in were I the lord
alone.

‘But sinful pride has rule inside—and mightier than
my own.

‘Honour and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each his
priest and whore :

‘Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you they’d
torture sore.

‘Ye are neither spirit nor spirk,’ he said ; ‘ye are
neither book nor brute—

‘Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake of
Man’s repute.

‘I’m all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that I should mock
your pain,

‘But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come
back again.

‘Get hence, the hearse is at your door—the grim
black stallions wait—

‘They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed, lest
ye come too late !

‘Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back
with an open eye,

‘And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever ye
come to die :

‘That the sin they do by two and two they must pay
for one by one—

‘And . . . the God that you took from a printed
book be with you, Tomlinson !’

L' ENVOI

THERE's a whisper down the field where the year
has shot her yield,

And the ricks stand grey to the sun,

Singing :—' Over then, come over, for the bee has
quit the clover,

' And your English summer's done.'

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,

And the thresh of the deep-sea rain ;

You have heard the song—how long ! how
long ?

Pull out on the trail again !

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,

We've seen the seasons through,

And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,

Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new.

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun
Or South to the blind Horn's hate ;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate ;
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear
lass,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are grey
and old,
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea
roll
Of a black Bilbao tramp ;
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail
From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid ;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
In the heel of the North-East Trade.

Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new ?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the
fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle
hooks the crate,
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave ;
It's ' Gang-plank up and in,' dear lass,
It's ' Hawsers warp her through !'
And it's ' All clear aft ' on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,
And the sirens hoot their dread !

When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless
deep

To the sob of the questing lead !

It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,

With the Gunfleet Sands in view,

Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail,
our own trail, the out trail,

And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a
welt of light

That holds the hot sky tame,

And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-
powdered floors

Where the scared whale flukes in flame !

Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,

And her ropes are taunt with the dew,

For we're booming down on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,

We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken
rollers comb,

And the shouting seas drive by,

And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows
reel and swing,

And the Southern Cross rides high !

Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,

That blaze in the velvet blue.

They're all old friends on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,

They're God's own guides on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the
Start—

We're steaming all-too slow,

And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow !

You have heard the call of the off-shore wind

And the voice of the deep-sea rain ;

You have heard the song—how long how
long ?

Pull out on the trail again !

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And The Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our
 own trail, the out trail,
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—
 the trail that is always new.



Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty,
at the Edinburgh University Press.

A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS OF METHUEN AND COMPANY PUBLISHERS : LONDON 36 ESSEX STREET W.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FORTHCOMING BOOKS,	2
POETRY,	10
BELLES LETTRES,	11
ILLUSTRATED BOOKS,	13
HISTORY,	14
BIOGRAPHY,	16
TRAVEL, ADVENTURE AND TOPOGRAPHY,	18
GENERAL LITERATURE,	19
SCIENCE,	21
PHILOSOPHY,	22
THEOLOGY,	22
LEADERS OF RELIGION,	24
FICTION,	25
BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS,	34
THE PEACOCK LIBRARY,	35
UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SERIES,	35
SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF TO-DAY,	36
CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS,	37
EDUCATIONAL BOOKS,	38

SEPTEMBER 1897

SEPTEMBER 1897.

MESSRS. METHUEN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

Poetry

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P. *Crown 8vo. Buckram. 6s.*
This is a volume of the sonnets and lesser poems of Shakespeare, and is prefaced with an elaborate Introduction by Mr. Wyndham.

ENGLISH LYRICS. Selected and Edited by W. E. HENLEY.
Crown 8vo. Buckram. 6s.

Also 15 copies on Japanese paper. *Demy 8vo. £2, 2s. net.*

Few announcements will be more welcome to lovers of English verse than the one that Mr. Henley is bringing together into one book the finest lyrics in our language.

NURSERY RHYMES. With many Coloured Pictures. By F. D. BEDFORD. *Small 4to. 6s.*

This book has many beautiful designs in colour to illustrate the old rhymes.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. A Translation by J. G. CORDERY. *Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.*

Travel and Adventure

BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA. By Sir H. H. JOHNSTON, K.C.B. With nearly Two Hundred Illustrations, and Six Maps.
Crown 4to. 30s. net.

CONTENTS.—(1) The History of Nyasaland and British Central Africa generally. (2) A detailed description of the races and languages of British Central Africa. (3) Chapters on the European settlers and missionaries; the Fauna, the Flora, minerals, and scenery. (4) A chapter on the prospects of the country.

WITH THE GREEKS IN THESSALY. By W. KINNAIRD ROSE, Reuter's Correspondent. With Plans and 23 Illustrations.
Crown 8vo. 6s.

A history of the operations in Thessaly by one whose brilliant despatches from the seat of war attracted universal attention.

THE MASSACRE IN BENIN. By CAPTAIN BOISRAGON. With Maps, etc. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

This volume is written by one of the two survivors who escaped the terrible massacre in Benin at the beginning of this year. The author relates in detail his adventures and his extraordinary escape, and adds a description of the country and of the events which led up to the outbreak.

FROM TONKIN TO INDIA. By PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS. Translated by HAMLEY BENT, M.A. With 80 Illustrations and 6 Maps. *Crown 4to.* 25s.

The travels of Prince Henri in 1895 from China to the valley of the Bramaputra covered a distance of 2100 miles, of which 1600 was through absolutely unexplored country. No fewer than seventeen ranges of mountains were crossed at altitudes of from 11,000 to 13,000 feet. The journey was made memorable by the discovery of the sources of the Irrawaddy. To the physical difficulties of the journey were added dangers from the attacks of savage tribes. The book deals with many of the burning political problems of the East, and it will be found a most important contribution to the literature of adventure and discovery.

THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA. By LIONEL DECLE. With an Introduction by H. M. STANLEY, M.P. With 100 Illustrations and 5 Maps. *Demy 8vo.* 21s.

Few Europeans have had the same opportunity of studying the barbarous parts of Africa as Mr. Decle. Starting from the Cape, he visited in succession Bechuana-land, the Zambesi, Matabeleland and Mashonaland, the Portuguese settlement on the Zambesi, Nyasaland, Ujiji, the headquarters of the Arabs, German East Africa, Uganda (where he saw fighting in company with the late Major 'Roddy' Owen), and British East Africa. In his book he relates his experiences, his minute observations of native habits and customs, and his views as to the work done in Africa by the various European Governments, whose operations he was able to study. The whole journey extended over 7000 miles, and occupied exactly three years.

WITH THE MOUNTED INFANTRY IN MASHONALAND. By Lieut.-Colonel ALDERSON. With numerous Illustrations and Plans. *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d.

This is an account of the military operations in Mashonaland by the officer who commanded the troops in that district during the late rebellion. Besides its interest as a story of warfare, it will have a peculiar value as an account of the services of mounted infantry by one of the chief authorities on the subject.

THE HILL OF THE GRACES: OR, THE GREAT STONE TEMPLES OF TRIPOLI. By H. S. COWPER, F.S.A. With Maps, Plans, and 75 Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.

A record of two journeys through Tripoli in 1895 and 1896. The book treats of a remarkable series of megalithic temples which have hitherto been uninvestigated, and contains a large amount of new geographical and archæological matter.

ADVENTURE AND EXPLORATION IN AFRICA. By Captain A. ST. H. GIBBONS, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations by C. WHYMPER, and Maps. *Demy 8vo.* 21s.

This is an account of travel and adventure among the Marotse and contiguous tribes, with a description of their customs, characteristics, and history, together with the author's experiences in hunting big game. The illustrations are by Mr. Charles Whympere, and from photographs. There is a map by the author of the hitherto unexplored regions lying between the Zambezi and Kafukwi rivers and from 13° to 15° S. lat.

History and Biography

A HISTORY OF EGYPT, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. Edited by W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Egyptology at University College. *Fully Illustrated. In Six Volumes. Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*

VOL. V. ROMAN EGYPT. By J. G. MILNE.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

By EDWARD GIBBON. A New Edition, edited with Notes, Appendices, and Maps by J. B. BURY, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. *In Seven Volumes. Demy 8vo, gilt top. 8s. 6d. each. Crown 8vo. 6s. each. Vol. IV.*

THE LETTERS OF VICTOR HUGO. Translated from the French by F. CLARKE, M.A. *In Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. each. Vol. II. 1835-72.*

This is the second volume of one of the most interesting and important collection of letters ever published in France. The correspondence dates from Victor Hugo's boyhood to his death, and none of the letters have been published before.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, 1845-95. By C. H. GRINLING. With Maps and Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*

A record of Railway enterprise and development in Northern England, containing much matter hitherto unpublished. It appeals both to the general reader and to those specially interested in railway construction and management.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH COLONIAL POLICY. By H. E. EGERTON, M.A. *Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.*

This book deals with British Colonial policy historically from the beginnings of English colonisation down to the present day. The subject has been treated by itself, and it has thus been possible within a reasonable compass to deal with a mass of authority which must otherwise be sought in the State papers. The volume is divided into five parts:—(1) The Period of Beginnings, 1497-1650; (2) Trade Ascendancy, 1651-1830; (3) The Granting of Responsible Government, 1831-1860; (4) *Laissez Aller*, 1861-1885; (5) Greater Britain.

A HISTORY OF ANARCHISM. By E. V. ZENKER. Translated by H. de B. GIBBINS, M.A., Litt.D. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*

A critical study and history, as well as a powerful and trenchant criticism, of the Anarchist movement in Europe. The book has aroused considerable attention on the Continent.

THE LIFE OF ERNEST RENAN By MADAME DARMESTETER. With Portrait. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

A biography of Renan by one of his most intimate friends.

A LIFE OF DONNE. By AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D. With Portrait. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

This is a new volume of the 'Leaders of Religion' series, from the learned and witty pen of the Rector of Scarning, who has been able to embody the results of much research.

OLD HARROW DAYS. By C. H. MINCHIN. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

A volume of reminiscences which will be interesting to old Harrovians and to many of the general public.

Theology

A PRIMER OF THE BIBLE. By Prof. W. H. BENNETT.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

This Primer sketches the history of the books which make up the Bible, in the light of recent criticism. It gives an account of their character, origin, and composition, as far as possible in chronological order, with special reference to their relations to one another, and to the history of Israel and the Church. The formation of the Canon is illustrated by chapters on the Apocrypha (Old and New Testament); and there is a brief notice of the history of the Bible since the close of the Canon.

LIGHT AND LEAVEN : HISTORICAL AND SOCIAL SERMONS.

By the Rev. H. HENSLEY HENSON, M.A., Fellow of All Souls', Incumbent of St. Mary's Hospital, Ilford. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

Devotional Series

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Newly Translated, with an Introduction, by C. BIGG, D.D., late Student of Christ Church. With a Frontispiece. *18mo. 1s. 6d.*

This little book is the first volume of a new Devotional Series, printed in clear type, and published at a very low price.

This volume contains the nine books of the 'Confessions' which 'are suitable for devotional purposes. The name of the Editor is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the edition.

THE HOLY SACRIFICE. By F. WESTON, M.A., Curate of St. Matthew's, Westminster. *18mo. 1s.*

A small volume of devotions at the Holy Communion.

Naval and Military

A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR. By C. W. OMAN, M.A., Fellow of All Souls', Oxford. *Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 21s.*

Vol. II. MEDIÆVAL WARFARE.

Mr. Oman is engaged on a History of the Art of War, of which the above, though covering the middle period from the fall of the Roman Empire to the general use of gunpowder in Western Europe, is the first instalment. The first battle dealt with will be Adrianople (378) and the last Navarrete (1367). There will appear later a volume dealing with the Art of War among the Ancients, and another covering the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries.

The book will deal mainly with tactics and strategy, fortifications and siegecraft, but subsidiary chapters will give some account of the development of arms and armour, and of the various forms of military organization known to the Middle Ages.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ROYAL NAVY, FROM
EARLY TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. By DAVID HANNAY.
Illustrated. 2 Vols. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. each. Vol. I.

This book aims at giving an account not only of the fighting we have done at sea, but of the growth of the service, of the part the Navy has played in the development of the Empire, and of its inner life.

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY. By Lieut.-Colonel
COOPER KING, of the Staff College, Camberley. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

This volume aims at describing the nature of the different armies that have been formed in Great Britain, and how from the early and feudal levies the present standing army came to be. The changes in tactics, uniform, and armament are briefly touched upon, and the campaigns in which the army has shared have been so far followed as to explain the part played by British regiments in them.

General Literature

THE OLD ENGLISH HOME. By S. BARING-GOULD.
With numerous Plans and Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

This book, like Mr. Baring-Gould's well-known 'Old Country Life,' describes the life and environment of an old English family.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES. By J. WELLS, M.A.,
Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College. Illustrated by E. H. NEW.
Fcap. 8vo. 3s. *Leather.* 4s.

This is a guide—chiefly historical—to the Colleges of Oxford. It contains numerous illustrations.

VOCES ACADEMICÆ. By C. GRANT ROBERTSON, M.A.,
Fellow of All Souls', Oxford. *With a Frontispiece.* *Fcap. 8vo.*
3s. 6d.

This is a volume of light satirical dialogues and should be read by all who are interested in the life of Oxford.

A PRIMER OF WORDSWORTH. By LAURIE MAGNUS.
Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

This volume is uniform with the Primers of Tennyson and Burns, and contains a concise biography of the poet, a critical appreciation of his work in detail, and a bibliography.

NEO-MALTHUSIANISM. By R. USSHER, M.A. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.

This book deals with a very delicate but most important matter, namely, the voluntary limitation of the family, and how such action affects morality, the individual, and the nation.

PRIMÆVAL SCENES. By H. N. HUTCHINSON, B.A., F.G.S.,
Author of 'Extinct Monsters,' 'Creatures of Other Days,' 'Pre-
historic Man and Beast,' etc. With numerous Illustrations drawn
by JOHN HASSALL and FRED. V. BURRIDGE. *4to.* 6s.

A set of twenty drawings, with short text to each, to illustrate the humorous aspects of pre-historic times. They are carefully planned by the author so as to be scientifically and archæologically correct and at the same time amusing.

THE WALLYPUG IN LONDON. By G. E. FARROW,
Author of 'The Wallypug of Why.' With numerous Illustrations.
Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

An extravaganza for children, written with great charm and vivacity.

RAILWAY NATIONALIZATION. By CLEMENT EDWARDS.
Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. [*Social Questions Series.*]

Sport

SPORTING AND ATHLETIC RECORDS. By H. MORGAN BROWNE. *Crown 8vo. 1s. paper; 1s. 6d. cloth.*

This book gives, in a clear and complete form, accurate records of the best performances in all important branches of Sport. It is an attempt, never yet made, to present all-important sporting records in a systematic way.

THE GOLFING PILGRIM. By HORACE G HUTCHINSON.
Crown 8vo. 6s.

This book, by a famous golfer, contains the following sketches lightly and humorously written:—The Prologue—The Pilgrim at the Shrine—Mecca out of Season—The Pilgrim at Home—The Pilgrim Abroad—The Life of the Links—A Tragedy by the Way—Scraps from the Scrip—The Golfer in Art—Early Pilgrims in the West—An Interesting Relic.

Educational

EVAGRIUS. Edited by PROFESSOR LÉON PARMENTIER of Liège and M. BIDEZ of Gand. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.*
[*Byzantine Texts.*]

THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. Translated by A. D. GODLEY, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.
Crown 8vo. buckram. 2s.

ORNAMENTAL DESIGN FOR WOVEN FABRICS. By C. STEPHENSON, of The Technical College, Bradford, and F. SUDDARDS, of The Yorkshire College, Leeds. With 65 full-page plates, and numerous designs and diagrams in the text. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

The aim of this book is to supply, in a systematic and practical form, information on the subject of Decorative Design as applied to Woven Fabrics, and is primarily intended to meet the requirements of students in Textile and Art Schools, or of designers actively engaged in the weaving industry. Its wealth of illustration is a marked feature of the book.

ESSENTIALS OF COMMERCIAL EDUCATION. By E. E. WHITFIELD, M.A. *Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.*

A guide to Commercial Education and Examinations.

PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION. By E. C. MARCHANT, M.A., Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge; and A. M. COOK, M.A., late Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford: Assistant Masters at St. Paul's School. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

This book contains Two Hundred Latin and Two Hundred Greek Passages, and has been very carefully compiled to meet the wants of V. and VI. Form Boys at Public Schools. It is also well adapted for the use of Honour men at the Universities.

EXERCISES ON LATIN ACCIDENCE. By S. E. WINBOLT, Assistant Master at Christ's Hospital. *Crown 8vo.* 1s. 6d.

An elementary book adapted for Lower Forms to accompany the shorter Latin primer.

NOTES ON GREEK AND LATIN SYNTAX. By G. BUCKLAND GREEN, M.A., Assistant Master at the Edinburgh Academy, late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxon. *Cr. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

Notes and explanations on the chief difficulties of Greek and Latin Syntax, with numerous passages for exercise.

A DIGEST OF DEDUCTIVE LOGIC. By JOHNSON BARKER, B.A. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

A short introduction to logic for students preparing for examinations.

TEST CARDS IN EUCLID AND ALGEBRA. By D. S. CALDERWOOD, Headmaster of the Normal School, Edinburgh. In a Packet of 40, with Answers. 1s.

A set of cards for advanced pupils in elementary schools.

HOW TO MAKE A DRESS. By J. A. E. WOOD. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo.* 1s. 6d.

A text-book for students preparing for the City and Guilds examination, based on the syllabus. The diagrams are numerous.

Fiction

LOCHINVAR. By S. R. CROCKETT, Author of 'The Raiders,' etc. Illustrated by FRANK RICHARDS. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

A romance of love and war, the plot of which is laid partly in Holland and partly in Scotland. The hero, a young cavalier, after serving with the regiment of the Prince of Orange, takes service under Dundee and fights at Killiecrankie.

THE MUTABLE MANY. By ROBERT BARR, Author of 'In the Midst of Alarms,' 'A Woman Intervenes,' etc. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

THE LADY'S WALK. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

A new book by this lamented author, somewhat in the style of her 'Beleagured City.'

TRAITS AND CONFIDENCES. By The Hon. EMILY LAWLESS, Author of 'Hurrish,' 'Maelcho,' etc. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

BLADYS. By S. BARING GOULD, Author of 'The Broom Squire,' etc. Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A Romance of the last century.

THE POMPOF THE LAVILLETES. By GILBERT PARKER, Author of 'The Seats of the Mighty,' etc. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

A DAUGHTER OF STRIFE. By JANE HELEN FINDLATER, Author of 'The Green Graves of Balgowrie.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A story of 1710.

OVER THE HILLS. By MARY FINDLATER. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A novel by a sister of J. H. Findlater, the author of 'The Green Graves of Balgowrie.'

A CREEL OF IRISH TALES. By JANE BARLOW, Author of 'Irish Idylls.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

THE CLASH OF ARMS. By J. BLOUNDELLE BURTON, Author of 'In the Day of Adversity.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

A PASSIONATE PILGRIM. By PERCY WHITE, Author of 'Mr. Bailey-Martin.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P. By W. PETT RIDGE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

THE BUILDERS. By J. S. FLETCHER, Author of 'When Charles I. was King.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

JOSIAH'S WIFE. By NORMA LORIMER. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

BY STROKE OF SWORD. By ANDREW BALFOUR. Illustrated by W. CUBITT COOKE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A romance of the time of Elizabeth

THE SINGER OF MARLY. By IDA HOOPER. Illustrated by W. CUBITT COOKE. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A romance of adventure.

KIRKHAM'S FIND. By MARY GAUNT, Author of 'The Moving Finger.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

THE FALL OF THE SPARROW. By M. C. BALFOUR. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

SCOTTISH BORDER LIFE. By JAMES C. DIBDIN. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

A LIST OF
MESSRS. METHUEN'S
PUBLICATIONS

Poetry

RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW POEMS

Rudyard Kipling. THE SEVEN SEAS. By RUDYARD KIPLING. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. Buckram, gilt top. 6s.*

'The new poems of Mr. Rudyard Kipling have all the spirit and swing of their predecessors. Patriotism is the solid concrete foundation on which Mr. Kipling has built the whole of his work.'—*Times*.

'Full of passionate patriotism and the Imperial spirit.'—*Yorkshire Post*.

'The Empire has found a singer; it is no depreciation of the songs to say that statesmen may have, one way or other, to take account of them.'—*Manchester Guardian*.

'Animated through and through with indubitable genius.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

'Packed with inspiration, with humour, with pathos.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

'All the pride of empire, all the intoxication of power, all the ardour, the energy, the masterful strength and the wonderful endurance and death-scorning pluck which are the very bone and fibre and marrow of the British character are here.'—*Daily Mail*.

Rudyard Kipling. BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS; And Other Verses. By RUDYARD KIPLING. *Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Mr. Kipling's verse is strong, vivid, full of character. . . . Unmistakable genius rings in every line.'—*Times*.

The ballads teem with imagination, they palpitate with emotion. We read them with laughter and tears; the metres throb in our pulses, the cunningly ordered words tingle with life; and if this be not poetry, what is?'—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

'Q." POEMS AND BALLADS. By "Q." Author of 'Green Bays,' etc. *Crown 8vo. Buckram. 3s. 6d.*

'This work has just the faint, ineffable touch and glow that make poetry 'Q.' has the true romantic spirit.'—*Speaker*.

"Q." GREEN BAYS: Verses and Parodies. By "Q." Author of 'Dead Man's Rock,' etc. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

'The verses display a rare and versatile gift of parody, great command of metre, and a very pretty turn of humour.'—*Times*.

E. Mackay. A SONG OF THE SEA. By ERIC MACKAY, Author of 'The Love Letters of a Violinist.' *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*

'Everywhere Mr. Mackay displays himself the master of a style marked by all the characteristics of the best rhetoric. He has a keen sense of rhythm and of general balance; his verse is excellently sonorous.'—*Globe*.

Ibsen. BRAND. A Drama by HENRIK IBSEN. Translated by WILLIAM WILSON. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

'The greatest world-poem of the nineteenth century next to "Faust." It is in the same set with "Agamemnon," with "Lear," with the literature that we now instinctively regard as high and holy.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

"A. G." VERSES TO ORDER. By "A. G." *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

A small volume of verse by a writer whose initials are well known to Oxford men.

'A capital specimen of light academic poetry. These verses are very bright and engaging, easy and sufficiently witty.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

Belles Lettres, Anthologies, etc.

R. L. Stevenson. VAILIMA LETTERS. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With an Etched Portrait by WILLIAM STRANG, and other Illustrations. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Buckram. 7s. 6d.*

'Few publications have in our time been more eagerly awaited than these "Vailima Letters," giving the first fruits of the correspondence of Robert Louis Stevenson. But, high as the tide of expectation has run, no reader can possibly be disappointed in the result.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

Henley and Whibley. A BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE. Collected by W. E. HENLEY and CHARLES WHIBLEY. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A unique volume of extracts—an art gallery of early prose.'—*Birmingham Post*.

'An admirable companion to Mr. Henley's "Lyra Heroica."'—*Saturday Review*.

'Quite delightful. A greater treat for those not well acquainted with pre-Restoration prose could not be imagined.'—*Athenæum*.

H. C. Beeching. LYRA SACRA : An Anthology of Sacred Verse. Edited by H. C. BEECHING, M.A. *Crown 8vo. Buckram. 6s.*

'A charming selection, which maintains a lofty standard of excellence.'—*Times*.

"Q." THE GOLDEN POMP : A Procession of English Lyrics from Surrey to Shirley, arranged by A. T. QUILLER COUCH. *Crown 8vo. Buckram. 6s.*

'A delightful volume : a really golden "Pomp."'—*Spectator*.

W. B. Yeats. AN ANTHOLOGY OF IRISH VERSE. Edited by W. B. YEATS. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

'An attractive and catholic selection.'—*Times*.

G. W. Stevens. MONOLOGUES OF THE DEAD. By G. W. STEEVENS. *Foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

A series of Soliloquies in which famous men of antiquity—Julius Cæsar, Nero, Alcibiades, etc., attempt to express themselves in the modes of thought and language of to-day.

The effect is sometimes splendid, sometimes bizarre, but always amazingly clever.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Victor Hugo. THE LETTERS OF VICTOR HUGO.

Translated from the French by F. CLARKE, M.A. *In Two Volumes.*
Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. each. Vol. I. 1815-35.

This is the first volume of one of the most interesting and important collection of letters ever published in France. The correspondence dates from Victor Hugo's boyhood to his death, and none of the letters have been published before. The arrangement is chiefly chronological, but where there is an interesting set of letters to one person these are arranged together. The first volume contains, among others, (1) Letters to his father; (2) to his young wife; (2) to his confessor, Lamennais; a very important set of about fifty letters to Sainte-Beauve; (5) letters about his early books and plays.

'A charming and vivid picture of a man whose egotism never marred his natural kindness, and whose vanity did not impair his greatness.'—*Standard*.

C. H. Pearson. ESSAYS AND CRITICAL REVIEWS. By

C. H. PEARSON, M.A., Author of 'National Life and Character.'
 Edited, with a Biographical Sketch, by H. A. STRONG, M.A.,
 LL.D. With a Portrait. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*

'Remarkable for careful handling, breadth of view, and knowledge.'—*Scotsman*.

'Charming essays.'—*Spectator*.

W. M. Dixon. A PRIMER OF TENNYSON. By W. M.

DIXON, M.A., Professor of English Literature at Mason College.
Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

'Much sound and well-expressed criticism and acute literary judgments. The bibliography is a boon.'—*Speaker*.

W. A. Craigie. A PRIMER OF BURNS. By W. A. CRAIGIE.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

This book is planned on a method similar to the 'Primer of Tennyson.' It has also a glossary.

'A valuable addition to the literature of the poet.'—*Times*.

'An excellent short account.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

'An admirable introduction.'—*Globe*.

Sterne. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM

SHANDY. By LAWRENCE STERNE. With an Introduction by
 CHARLES WHIBLEY, and a Portrait. *2 vols. 7s.*

'Very dainty volumes are these; the paper, type, and light-green binding are all very agreeable to the eye. *Simplex munditiis* is the phrase that might be applied to them.'—*Globe*.

Congreve. THE COMEDIES OF WILLIAM CONGREVE.

With an Introduction by G. S. STREET, and a Portrait. *2 vols. 7s.*

'The volumes are strongly bound in green buckram, are of a convenient size, and pleasant to look upon, so that whether on the shelf, or on the table, or in the hand the possessor is thoroughly content with them.'—*Guardian*.

Morier. THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA OF

ISPAHAN. By JAMES MORIER. With an Introduction by E. G.
 BROWNE, M.A., and a Portrait. *2 vols. 7s.*

Walton. THE LIVES OF DONNE, WOTTON, HOOKER,

HERBERT, AND SANDERSON. By IZAAK WALTON. With
 an Introduction by VERNON BLACKBURN, and a Portrait. *3s. 6d.*

Johnson. THE LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS. By SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. With an Introduction by J. H. MILLAR, and a Portrait. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.

Burns. THE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by ANDREW LANG and W. A. CRAIGIE. With Portrait. *Demy 8vo, gilt top.* 6s.

This edition contains a carefully collated Text, numerous Notes, critical and textual, a critical and biographical Introduction, and a Glossary.

'Among the editions in one volume, Mr. Andrew Lang's will take the place of authority.'—*Times*.

F. Langbridge. BALLADS OF THE BRAVE: Poems of Chivalry, Enterprise, Courage, and Constancy. Edited, with Notes, by Rev. F. LANGBRIDGE. *Crown 8vo. Buckram.* 3s. 6d. *School Edition.* 2s. 6d.

'A very happy conception happily carried out. These "Ballads of the Brave" are intended to suit the real tastes of boys, and will suit the taste of the great majority.'—*Spectator*.
'The book is full of splendid things.'—*World*.

Illustrated Books

Jane Barlow. THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE, translated by JANE BARLOW, Author of 'Irish Idylls,' and pictured by F. D. BEDFORD. *Small 4to.* 6s. net.

S. Baring Gould. A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES retold by S. BARING GOULD. With numerous illustrations and initial letters by ARTHUR J. GASKIN. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Buckram.* 6s.

'Mr. Baring Gould is deserving of gratitude, in re-writing in honest, simple style the old stories that delighted the childhood of "our fathers and grandfathers." As to the form of the book, and the printing, which is by Messrs. Constable, it were difficult to commend overmuch.'—*Saturday Review*.

S. Baring Gould. OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALES. Collected and edited by S. BARING GOULD. With Numerous Illustrations by F. D. BEDFORD. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. Buckram.* 6s.

'A charming volume, which children will be sure to appreciate. The stories have been selected with great ingenuity from various old ballads and folk-tales, and, having been somewhat altered and readjusted, now stand forth, clothed in Mr. Baring Gould's delightful English, to enchant youthful readers.'—*Guardian*.

S. Baring Gould. A BOOK OF NURSERY SONGS AND RHYMES. Edited by S. BARING GOULD, and Illustrated by the Birmingham Art School. *Buckram, gilt top. Crown 8vo.* 6s.

'The volume is very complete in its way, as it contains nursery songs to the number of 77, game-rhymes, and jingles. To the student we commend the sensible introduction, and the explanatory notes. The volume is superbly printed on soft, thick paper, which it is a pleasure to touch; and the borders and pictures are among the very best specimens we have seen of the Gaskin school.'—*Birmingham Gazette*.

H. C. Beeching. A BOOK OF CHRISTMAS VERSE. Edited by H. C. BEECHING, M.A., and Illustrated by WALTER CRANE. *Crown 8vo, gilt top.* 5s.

A collection of the best verse inspired by the birth of Christ from the Middle Ages to the present day. A distinction of the book is the large number of poems it contains by modern authors, a few of which are here printed for the first time.

'An anthology which, from its unity of aim and high poetic excellence, has a better right to exist than most of its fellows.'—*Guardian*.

History

Gibbon. THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By EDWARD GIBBON. A New Edition, Edited with Notes, Appendices, and Maps, by J. B. BURY, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. *In Seven Volumes. Demy 8vo. Gilt top.* 8s. 6d. each. *Also crown 8vo. 6s. each. Vols. I., II., and III.*

'The time has certainly arrived for a new edition of Gibbon's great work. . . . Professor Bury is the right man to undertake this task. His learning is amazing, both in extent and accuracy. The book is issued in a handy form, and at a moderate price, and it is admirably printed.'—*Times*.

'The edition is edited as a classic should be edited, removing nothing, yet indicating the value of the text, and bringing it up to date. It promises to be of the utmost value, and will be a welcome addition to many libraries.'—*Scotsman*.

'This edition, so far as one may judge from the first instalment, is a marvel of erudition and critical skill, and it is the very minimum of praise to predict that the seven volumes of it will supersede Dean Milman's as the standard edition of our great historical classic.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

'The beau-ideal Gibbon has arrived at last.'—*Sketch*.

'At last there is an adequate modern edition of Gibbon. . . . The best edition the nineteenth century could produce.'—*Manchester Guardian*.

Flinders Petrie. A HISTORY OF EGYPT, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. Edited by W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Egyptology at University College. *Fully Illustrated. In Six Volumes. Crown 8vo. 6s. each.*

Vol. I. PREHISTORIC TIMES TO XVI. DYNASTY. W. M. F. Petrie. *Third Edition.*

Vol. II. THE XVIIITH AND XVIIIITH DYNASTIES. W. M. F. Petrie. *Second Edition.*

'A history written in the spirit of scientific precision so worthily represented by Dr. Petrie and his school cannot but promote sound and accurate study, and supply a vacant place in the English literature of Egyptology.'—*Times*.

Flinders Petrie. EGYPTIAN TALES. Edited by W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE. Illustrated by TRISTRAM ELLIS. *In Two Volumes. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.*

'A valuable addition to the literature of comparative folk-lore. The drawings are really illustrations in the literal sense of the word.'—*Globe*.

'It has a scientific value to the student of history and archaeology.'—*Scotsman*.

'Invaluable as a picture of life in Palestine and Egypt.'—*Daily News*.

Flinders Petrie. EGYPTIAN DECORATIVE ART. By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L. With 120 Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

'Professor Flinders Petrie is not only a profound Egyptologist, but an accomplished student of comparative archæology. In these lectures, delivered at the Royal Institution, he displays both qualifications with rare skill in elucidating the development of decorative art in Egypt, and in tracing its influence on the art of other countries.'—*Times*.

S. Baring Gould. THE TRAGEDY OF THE CÆSARS. The Emperors of the Julian and Claudian Lines. With numerous Illustrations from Busts, Gems, Cameos, etc. By S. BARING GOULD, Author of 'Mehalah,' etc. *Fourth Edition. Royal 8vo.* 15s.

'A most splendid and fascinating book on a subject of undying interest. The great feature of the book is the use the author has made of the existing portraits of the Caesars, and the admirable critical subtlety he has exhibited in dealing with this line of research. It is brilliantly written, and the illustrations are supplied on a scale of profuse magnificence.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

'The volumes will in no sense disappoint the general reader. Indeed, in their way, there is nothing in any sense so good in English. . . . Mr. Baring Gould has presented his narrative in such a way as not to make one dull page.'—*Athenæum*.

H. de B. Gibbins. INDUSTRY IN ENGLAND : HISTORICAL OUTLINES. By H. DE B. GIBBINS, M.A., D.Litt. With 5 Maps. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.

This book is written with the view of affording a clear view of the main facts of English Social and Industrial History placed in due perspective. Beginning with prehistoric times, it passes in review the growth and advance of industry up to the nineteenth century, showing its gradual development and progress. The book is illustrated by Maps, Diagrams, and Tables.

A. Clark. THE COLLEGES OF OXFORD : Their History and their Traditions. By Members of the University. Edited by A. CLARK, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College. *8vo.* 12s. 6d.

'A work which will certainly be appealed to for many years as the standard book on the Colleges of Oxford.'—*Athenæum*.

Perrens. THE HISTORY OF FLORENCE FROM 1434 TO 1492. By F. T. PERRENS. Translated by HANNAH LYNCH. *8vo.* 12s. 6d.

A history of Florence under the domination of Cosimo, Piero, and Lorenzo de Medicis.

'This is a standard book by an honest and intelligent historian, who has deserved well of all who are interested in Italian history.'—*Manchester Guardian*.

J. Wells. A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME. By J. WELLS, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Wadham Coll., Oxford. With 4 Maps. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

This book is intended for the Middle and Upper Forms of Public Schools and for Pass Students at the Universities. It contains copious Tables, etc.

'An original work written on an original plan, and with uncommon freshness and vigour.'—*Speaker*.

E. L. S. Horsburgh. THE CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.By E. L. S. HORSBURGH, B.A. *With Plans. Crown 8vo. 5s.*'A brilliant essay—simple, sound, and thorough.'—*Daily Chronicle.*'A study, the most concise, the most lucid, the most critical that has been produced.
—*Birmingham Mercury,***H. B. George. BATTLES OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By H. B.**GEORGE, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. *With numerous Plans. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*'Mr. George has undertaken a very useful task—that of making military affairs intelligible and instructive to non-military readers—and has executed it with laudable intelligence and industry, and with a large measure of success.'—*Times.***O. Browning. A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL ITALY,**A.D. 1250-1530. By OSCAR BROWNING, Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge. *Second Edition. In Two Volumes. Crown 8vo. 5s. each.*

VOL. I. 1250-1409.—Guelphs and Ghibellines.

VOL. II. 1409-1530.—The Age of the Condottieri.

'A vivid picture of mediæval Italy.'—*Standard.*'Mr. Browning is to be congratulated on the production of a work of immense labour and learning.'—*Westminster Gazette.***O'Grady. THE STORY OF IRELAND. By STANDISH**O'GRADY, Author of 'Finn and his Companions.' *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*'Most delightful, most stimulating. Its racy humour, its original imaginings, make it one of the freshest, breeziest volumes.'—*Methodist Times.*

Biography

S. Baring Gould. THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE. By S. BARING GOULD. With over 450 Illustrations in the Text and 12 Photogravure Plates. *Large quarto. Gilt top. 36s.*'The best biography of Napoleon in our tongue, nor have the French as good a biographer of their hero. A book very nearly as good as Southey's "Life of Nelson."'
—*Manchester Guardian.*'The main feature of this gorgeous volume is its great wealth of beautiful photogravures and finely-executed wood engravings, constituting a complete pictorial chronicle of Napoleon I.'s personal history from the days of his early childhood at Ajaccio to the date of his second interment under the dome of the Invalides in Paris.'—*Daily Telegraph.*'The most elaborate account of Napoleon ever produced by an English writer.'—*Daily Chronicle.*'A brilliant and attractive volume. Never before have so many pictures relating to Napoleon been brought within the limits of an English book.'—*Globe.*'Particular notice is due to the vast collection of contemporary illustrations.'—*Guardian.*'Nearly all the illustrations are real contributions to history.'—*Westminster Gazette.*'The illustrations are of supreme interest.'—*Standard.*

Morris Fuller. THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN DAVENANT, D.D. (1571-1641), President of Queen's College, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, Bishop of Salisbury. By MORRIS FULLER, B.D. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.

'A valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history.'—*Birmingham Gazette*.

J. M. Rigg. ST. ANSELM OF CANTERBURY: A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGION. By J. M. RIGG. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

'Mr. Rigg has told the story of the great Primate's life with scholarly ability, and has thereby contributed an interesting chapter to the history of the Norman period.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

F. W. Joyce. THE LIFE OF SIR FREDERICK GORE OUSELEY. By F. W. JOYCE, M.A. With Portraits and Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 7s. 6d.

'This book has been undertaken in quite the right spirit, and written with sympathy insight, and considerable literary skill.'—*Times*.

W. G. Collingwood. THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN. By W. G. COLLINGWOOD, M.A., Editor of Mr. Ruskin's Poems. With numerous Portraits, and 13 Drawings by Mr. Ruskin. *Second Edition.* 2 vols. *8vo.* 32s.

'No more magnificent volumes have been published for a long time.'—*Times*.

'It is long since we had a biography with such delights of substance and of form. Such a book is a pleasure for the day, and a joy for ever.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

C. Waldstein. JOHN RUSKIN: a Study. By CHARLES WALDSTEIN, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. With a Photogravur Portrait after Professor HERKOMER. *Post 8vo.* 5s.

'A thoughtful, impartial, well-written criticism of Ruskin's teaching, intended to separate what the author regards as valuable and permanent from what is transient and erroneous in the great master's writing.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

W. H. Hutton. THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE. By W. H. HUTTON, M.A., Author of 'William Laud.' *With Portraits.* *Crown 8vo.* 5s.

'The book lays good claim to high rank among our biographies. It is excellently, even lovingly, written.'—*Scotsman*.

'An excellent monograph.'—*Times*.

Clark Russell. THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD. By W. CLARK RUSSELL, Author of 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor.' With Illustrations by F. BRANGWYN. *Third Edition.* *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

'A book which we should like to see in the hands of every boy in the country.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

'A really good book.'—*Saturday Review*.

Southey. ENGLISH SEAMEN (Howard, Clifford, Hawkins, Drake, Cavendish). By ROBERT SOUTHEY. Edited, with an Introduction, by DAVID HANNAY. *Second Edition.* Crown 8vo. 6s.

'Admirable and well-told stories of our naval history.'—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

'A brave, inspiring book.'—*Black and White*.

Travel, Adventure and Topography

R. S. S. Baden-Powell. THE DOWNFALL OF PREMPEH.

A Diary of Life with the Native Levy in Ashanti, 1895. By Colonel

BADEN-POWELL. With 21 Illustrations and a Map. *Demy* 8vo.

10s. 6d.

'A compact, faithful, most readable record of the campaign.'—*Daily News*.

'A bluff and vigorous narrative.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

R. S. S. Baden-Powell. THE MATEBELE CAMPAIGN 1896.

By Colonel R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL. With nearly 100 Illustrations.

Second Edition. *Demy* 8vo. 15s.

'Written in an unaffectedly light and humorous style.'—*The World*.

'A very racy and eminently readable book.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

'As a straightforward account of a great deal of plucky work unpretentiously done, this book is well worth reading. The simplicity of the narrative is all in its favour, and accords in a peculiarly English fashion with the nature of the subject.'—*Times*.

Captain Hinde. THE FALL OF THE CONGO ARABS.

By SIDNEY L. HINDE. With Portraits and Plans. *Demy* 8vo.

12s. 6d.

'The book is full of good things, and of sustained interest.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

A graphic sketch of one of the most exciting and important episodes in the struggle for supremacy in Central Africa between the Arabs and their European rivals. Apart from the story of the campaign, Captain Hinde's book is mainly remarkable for the fulness with which he discusses the question of cannibalism. It is, indeed, the only connected narrative—in English, at any rate—which has been published of this particular episode in African history.'—*Times*.

'Captain Hinde's book is one of the most interesting and valuable contributions yet made to the literature of modern Africa.'—*Daily News*.

W. Crooke. THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES OF INDIA :

THEIR ETHNOLOGY AND ADMINISTRATION. By W. CROOKE.

With Maps and Illustrations. *Demy* 8vo. 10s. 6d.

'A carefully and well-written account of one of the most important provinces of the Empire. In seven chapters Mr. Crooke deals successively with the land in its physical aspect, the province under Hindoo and Mussulman rule, the province under British rule, the ethnology and sociology of the province, the religious and social life of the people, the land and its settlement, and the native peasant in his relation to the land. The illustrations are good and well selected, and the map is excellent.'—*Manchester Guardian*.

- W. B. Worsfold. SOUTH AFRICA : Its History and its Future.**
By W. BASIL WORSFOLD, M.A. *With a Map. Second Edition.*
Crown 8vo. 6s.

'An intensely interesting book.'—*Daily Chronicle.*

'A monumental work compressed into a very moderate compass.'—*World.*

General Literature

- S. Baring Gould. OLD COUNTRY LIFE.** By S. BARING GOULD, Author of 'Mehalah,' etc. With Sixty-seven Illustrations by W. PARKINSON, F. D. BEDFORD, and F. MASEY. *Large Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. 6s.*

"'Old Country Life,' as healthy wholesome reading, full of breezy life and movement, full of quaint stories vigorously told, will not be excelled by any book to be published throughout the year. Sound, hearty, and English to the core.'—*World.*

- S. Baring Gould. HISTORIC ODDITIES AND STRANGE EVENTS.** By S. BARING GOULD. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A collection of exciting and entertaining chapters. The whole volume is delightful reading.'—*Times.*

- S. Baring Gould. FREAKS OF FANATICISM.** By S. BARING GOULD. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Mr. Baring Gould has a keen eye for colour and effect, and the subjects he has chosen give ample scope to his descriptive and analytic faculties. A perfectly fascinating book.'—*Scottish Leader.*

- S. Baring Gould. A GARLAND OF COUNTRY SONG :** English Folk Songs with their Traditional Melodies. Collected and arranged by S. BARING GOULD and H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD. *Demy 4to. 6s.*

- S. Baring Gould. SONGS OF THE WEST :** Traditional Ballads and Songs of the West of England, with their Traditional Melodies. Collected by S. BARING GOULD, M.A., and H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A. Arranged for Voice and Piano. In 4 Parts (containing 25 Songs each), *Parts I., II., III., 3s. each. Part IV., 5s. In one Vol., French morocco, 15s.*

'A rich collection of humour, pathos, grace, and poetic fancy.'—*Saturday Review.*

S. Baring Gould. YORKSHIRE ODDITIES AND STRANGE EVENTS. *Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

S. Baring Gould. STRANGE SURVIVALS AND SUPERSTITIONS. With Illustrations. By S. BARING GOULD. *Crown 8vo. Second Edition. 6s.*

'We have read Mr. Baring Gould's book from beginning to end. It is full of quaint and various information, and there is not a dull page in it.'—*Notes and Queries.*

S. Baring Gould. THE DESERTS OF SOUTHERN FRANCE. By S. BARING GOULD. With numerous Illustrations by F. D. BEDFORD, S. HUTTON, etc. *2 vols. Demy 8vo. 32s.*

'His two richly-illustrated volumes are full of matter of interest to the geologist, the archæologist, and the student of history and manners.'—*Scotsman.*

G. W. Steevens. NAVAL POLICY: WITH A DESCRIPTION OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN NAVIES. By G. W. STEEVENS. *Demy 8vo. 6s.*

This book is a description of the British and other more important navies of the world, with a sketch of the lines on which our naval policy might possibly be developed. It describes our recent naval policy, and shows what our naval force really is. A detailed but non-technical account is given of the instruments of modern warfare—guns, armour, engines, and the like—with a view to determine how far we are abreast of modern invention and modern requirements. An ideal policy is then sketched for the building and manning of our fleet; and the last chapter is devoted to docks, coaling-stations, and especially colonial defence.

'An extremely able and interesting work.'—*Daily Chronicle.*

W. E. Gladstone. THE SPEECHES AND PUBLIC ADDRESSES OF THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. Edited by A. W. HUTTON, M.A., and H. J. COHEN, M.A. With Portraits. *8vo. Vols. IX. and X. 12s. 6d. each.*

J. Wells. OXFORD AND OXFORD LIFE. By Members of the University. Edited by J. WELLS, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

'We congratulate Mr. Wells on the production of a readable and intelligent account of Oxford as it is at the present time, written by persons who are possessed of a close acquaintance with the system and life of the University.'—*Athenæum.*

L. Whibley. GREEK OLIGARCHIES: THEIR ORGANISATION AND CHARACTER. By L. WHIBLEY, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'An exceedingly useful handbook: a careful and well-arranged study of an obscure subject.'—*Times.*

'Mr. Whibley is never tedious or pedantic.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

- L. L. Price.** ECONOMIC SCIENCE AND PRACTICE.
By L. L. PRICE, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. *Crown*
8vo. 6s.

'The book is well written, giving evidence of considerable literary ability, and clear mental grasp of the subject under consideration.'—*Western Morning News*.

- C. F. Andrews.** CHRISTIANITY AND THE LABOUR QUESTION. By C. F. ANDREWS, B.A. *Crown* 8vo. 2s. 6d.

'A bold and scholarly survey.'—*Speaker*.

- J. S. Shedlock.** THE PIANOFORTE SONATA: Its Origin and Development. By J. S. SHEDLOCK. *Crown* 8vo. 5s.

'This work should be in the possession of every musician and amateur, for it not only embodies a concise and lucid history of the origin of one of the most important forms of musical composition, but, by reason of the painstaking research and accuracy of the author's statements, it is a very valuable work for reference.'—*Athenæum*.

- E. M. Bowden.** THE EXAMPLE OF BUDDHA: Being Quotations from Buddhist Literature for each Day in the Year. Compiled by E. M. BOWDEN. With Preface by Sir EDWIN ARNOLD. *Third Edition*. 16mo. 2s. 6d.

Science

- Freudenreich.** DAIRY BACTERIOLOGY. A Short Manual for the Use of Students. By Dr. ED. VON FREUDENREICH. Translated from the German by J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, B.A., F.C.P. *Crown* 8vo. 2s. 6d.

- Chalmers Mitchell.** OUTLINES OF BIOLOGY. By P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, M.A., F.Z.S. *Fully Illustrated*. *Crown* 8vo. 6s.

A text-book designed to cover the new Schedule issued by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

- G. Massee.** A MONOGRAPH OF THE MYXOGASTRES. By GEORGE MASSEE. With 12 Coloured Plates. *Royal* 8vo. 18s. net.

'A work much in advance of any book in the language treating of this group of organisms. It is indispensable to every student of the Myxogastres. The coloured plates deserve high praise for their accuracy and execution.'—*Nature*.

Philosophy

- L. T. Hobhouse.** THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE. By L. T. HOBHOUSE, Fellow and Tutor of Corpus College, Oxford. *Demy 8vo.* 21s.

'The most important contribution to English philosophy since the publication of Mr. Bradley's "Appearance and Reality." Full of brilliant criticism and of positive theories which are models of lucid statement.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

'An elaborate and often brilliantly written volume. The treatment is one of great freshness, and the illustrations are particularly numerous and apt.'—*Times*.

- W. H. Fairbrother.** THE PHILOSOPHY OF T. H. GREEN. By W. H. FAIRBROTHER, M.A., Lecturer at Lincoln College, Oxford. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

This volume is expository, not critical, and is intended for senior students at the Universities and others, as a statement of Green's teaching, and an introduction to the study of Idealist Philosophy.

'In every way an admirable book. As an introduction to the writings of perhaps the most remarkable speculative thinker whom England has produced in the present century, nothing could be better.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

- F. W. Bussell.** THE SCHOOL OF PLATO: its Origin and its Revival under the Roman Empire. By F. W. BUSSELL, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.

'A highly valuable contribution to the history of ancient thought.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

'A clever and stimulating book, provocative of thought and deserving careful reading.'—*Manchester Guardian*.

- F. S. Granger.** THE WORSHIP OF THE ROMANS. By F. S. GRANGER, M.A., Litt.D., Professor of Philosophy at University College, Nottingham. *Crown 8vo.* 6s.

'A scholarly analysis of the religious ceremonies, beliefs, and superstitions of ancient Rome, conducted in the new instructive light of comparative anthropology.'—*Times*.

Theology

- E. C. S. Gibson.** THE XXXIX. ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Edited with an Introduction by E. C. S. GIBSON, D.D., Vicar of Leeds, late Principal of Wells Theological College. *In Two Volumes.* *Demy 8vo.* 15s

'The tone maintained throughout is not that of the partial advocate, but the faithful exponent.'—*Scotsman*.

'There are ample proofs of clearness of expression, sobriety of judgment, and breadth of view. . . . The book will be welcome to all students of the subject, and its sound, definite, and loyal theology ought to be of great service.'—*National Observer*.

'So far from repelling the general reader, its orderly arrangement, lucid treatment, and felicity of diction invite and encourage his attention.'—*Yorkshire Post*.

R. L. Ottley. THE DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION.

By R. L. OTTLEY, M.A., late fellow of Magdalen College, Oxon., Principal of Pusey House. *In Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 15s.*

'Learned and reverent : lucid and well arranged.'—*Record*.

'Accurate, well ordered, and judicious.'—*National Observer*.

'A clear and remarkably full account of the main currents of speculation. Scholarly precision . . . genuine tolerance . . . intense interest in his subject—are Mr. Ottley's merits.'—*Guardian*.

F. B. Jevons. AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGION. By F. B. JEVONS, M.A., Litt.D., Principal of Bishop Hatfield's Hall. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*

Mr. F. B. Jevons' 'Introduction to the History of Religion' treats of early religion, from the point of view of Anthropology and Folk-lore ; and is the first attempt that has been made in any language to weave together the results of recent investigations into such topics as Sympathetic Magic, Taboo, Totemism, Fetishism, etc., so as to present a systematic account of the growth of primitive religion and the development of early religious institutions.

'Dr. Jevons has written a notable work, and we can strongly recommend it to the serious attention of theologians, anthropologists, and classical scholars.'—*Manchester Guardian*.

'The merit of this book lies in the penetration, the singular acuteness and force of the author's judgment. He is at once critical and luminous, at once just and suggestive. It is but rarely that one meets with a book so comprehensive and so thorough as this, and it is more than an ordinary pleasure for the reviewer to welcome and recommend it. Dr. Jevons is something more than an historian of primitive belief—he is a philosophic thinker, who sees his subject clearly and sees it whole, whose mastery of detail is no less complete than his view of the broader aspects and issues of his subject is convincing.'—*Birmingham Post*.

S. R. Driver. SERMONS ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE OLD TESTAMENT. By S. R. DRIVER, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A welcome companion to the author's famous 'Introduction.' No man can read these discourses without feeling that Dr. Driver is fully alive to the deeper teaching of the Old Testament.'—*Guardian*.

T. K. Cheyne. FOUNDERS OF OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM : Biographical, Descriptive, and Critical Studies. By T. K. CHEYNE, D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford. *Large crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.*

This book is a historical sketch of O. T. Criticism in the form of biographical studies from the days of Eichhorn to those of Driver and Robertson Smith.

'A very learned and instructive work.'—*Times*.

C. H. Prior. CAMBRIDGE SERMONS. Edited by C. H. PRIOR, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

A volume of sermons preached before the University of Cambridge by various preachers, including the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Westcott.

A representative collection. Bishop Westcott's is a noble sermon.'—*Guardian*.

E. B. Layard. RELIGION IN BOYHOOD. Notes on the Religious Training of Boys. With a Preface by J. R. ILLINGWORTH. By E. B. LAYARD, M.A. *18mo. 1s.*

W. Yorke Faussett. *THE DE CATECHIZANDIS RUDIBUS* OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, etc., by W. YORKE FAUSSETT, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol Coll. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

An edition of a Treatise on the Essentials of Christian Doctrine, and the best methods of impressing them on candidates for baptism.

'Able and judiciously edited on the same principle as the ordinary Greek and Latin texts.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

Devotional Books.

With Full-page Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. Buckram. 3s. 6d.
Padded morocco, 5s.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. By THOMAS À KEMPIS. With an Introduction by DEAN FARRAR. Illustrated by C. M. GERE, and printed in black and red. *Second Edition.*

'Amongst all the innumerable English editions of the "Imitation," there can have been few which were prettier than this one, printed in strong and handsome type, with all the glory of red initials.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. By JOHN KEBLE. With an Introduction and Notes by W. LOCK, D.D., Warden of Keble College, Ireland, Professor at Oxford. Illustrated by R. ANNING BELL.

'The present edition is annotated with all the care and insight to be expected from Mr. Lock. The progress and circumstances of its composition are detailed in the Introduction. There is an interesting Appendix on the mss. of the "Christian Year," and another giving the order in which the poems were written. A "Short Analysis of the Thought" is prefixed to each, and any difficulty in the text is explained in a note.'—*Guardian*.

'The most acceptable edition of this ever-popular work.'—*Globe*.

Leaders of Religion

Edited by H. C. BEECHING, M.A. *With Portraits, crown 8vo.*

A series of short biographies of the most prominent leaders of religious life and thought of all ages and countries.

The following are ready—

CARDINAL NEWMAN. By R. H. HUTTON.

JOHN WESLEY. By J. H. OVERTON, M.A.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE. By G. W. DANIEL, M.A.

CARDINAL MANNING. By A. W. HUTTON, M.A.

CHARLES SIMEON. By H. C. G. MOULE, M.A.

JOHN KEBLE. By WALTER LOCK, D.D.

THOMAS CHALMERS. By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

LANCELOT ANDREWES. By R. L. OTTLEY, M.A.

AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY. By E. L. CUTTS, D.D.

WILLIAM LAUD. By W. H. HUTTON, B.D.

3/6

- JOHN KNOX. By F. M'CUNN.
 JOHN HOWE. By R. F. HORTON, D.D.
 BISHOP KEN. By F. A. CLARKE, M.A.
 GEORGE FOX, THE QUAKER. By T. HODGKIN, D.C.L.
 Other volumes will be announced in due course.

Fiction

SIX SHILLING NOVELS

Marie Corelli's Novels

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

- A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS. *Sixteenth Edition.*
 VENDETTA. *Thirteenth Edition.*
 THELMA. *Seventeenth Edition.*
 ARDATH. *Tenth Edition.*
 THE SOUL OF LILITH *Ninth Edition.*
 WORMWOOD. *Eighth Edition.*
 BARABBAS: A DREAM OF THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY.
Thirty-first Edition.

'The tender reverence of the treatment and the imaginative beauty of the writing have reconciled us to the daring of the conception, and the conviction is forced on us that even so exalted a subject cannot be made too familiar to us, provided it be presented in the true spirit of Christian faith. The amplifications of the Scripture narrative are often conceived with high poetic insight, and this "Dream of the World's Tragedy" is, despite some trifling incongruities, a lofty and not inadequate paraphrase of the supreme climax of the inspired narrative.'—*Dublin Review*.

- THE SORROWS OF SATAN. *Thirty-sixth Edition.*

'A very powerful piece of work. . . . The conception is magnificent, and is likely to win an abiding place within the memory of man. . . . The author has immense command of language, and a limitless audacity. . . . This interesting and remarkable romance will live long after much of the ephemeral literature of the day is forgotten. . . . A literary phenomenon . . . novel, and even sublime.'—W. T. STEAD in the *Review of Reviews*.

Anthony Hope's Novels

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

- THE GOD IN THE CAR. *Seventh Edition.*

'A very remarkable book, deserving of critical analysis impossible within our limit; brilliant, but not superficial; well considered, but not elaborated; constructed with the proverbial art that conceals, but yet allows itself to be enjoyed by readers to whom fine literary method is a keen pleasure.'—*The World*.

- A CHANGE OF AIR. *Fourth Edition.*

'A graceful, vivacious comedy, true to human nature. The characters are traced with a masterly hand.'—*Times*.

- A MAN OF MARK. *Fourth Edition.*

'Of all Mr. Hope's books, "A Man of Mark" is the one which best compares with "The Prisoner of Zenda."'—*National Observer*.

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO. *Third Edition.*

'It is a perfectly enchanting story of love and chivalry, and pure romance. The outlawed Count is the most constant, desperate, and withal modest and tender of lovers, a peerless gentleman, an intrepid fighter, a very faithful friend, and a most magnanimous foe.'—*Guardian*.

PHROSO. Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR. *Third Edition.*

'The tale is thoroughly fresh, quick with vitality, stirring the blood, and humorously, dashinglly told.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

'A story of adventure, every page of which is palpitating with action and excitement.'—*Speaker*.

'From cover to cover "Phroso" not only engages the attention, but carries the reader in little whirls of delight from adventure to adventure.'—*Academy*

S. Baring Gould's Novels

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

'To say that a book is by the author of "Mehalah" is to imply that it contains a story cast on strong lines, containing dramatic possibilities, vivid and sympathetic descriptions of Nature, and a wealth of ingenious imagery.'—*Speaker*.

'That whatever Mr. Baring Gould writes is well worth reading, is a conclusion that may be very generally accepted. His views of life are fresh and vigorous, his language pointed and characteristic, the incidents of which he makes use are striking and original, his characters are life-like, and though somewhat exceptional people, are drawn and coloured with artistic force. Add to this that his descriptions of scenes and scenery are painted with the loving eyes and skilled hands of a master of his art, that he is always fresh and never dull, and under such conditions it is no wonder that readers have gained confidence both in his power of amusing and satisfying them, and that year by year his popularity widens.'—*Court Circular*.

ARMINELL: A Social Romance. *Fourth Edition.***URITH: A Story of Dartmoor.** *Fifth Edition.*

'The author is at his best.'—*Times*.

IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA. *Sixth Edition.*

'One of the best imagined and most enthralling stories the author has produced.'—*Saturday Review*.

MRS. CURGENVEN OF CURGENVEN. *Fourth Edition.*

'The swing of the narrative is splendid.'—*Sussex Daily News*.

CHEAP JACK ZITA. *Fourth Edition.*

'A powerful drama of human passion.'—*Westminster Gazette*.

'A story worthy the author.'—*National Observer*.

THE QUEEN OF LOVE. *Fourth Edition.*

'You cannot put it down until you have finished it.'—*Punch*.

'Can be heartily recommended to all who care for cleanly, energetic, and interesting fiction.'—*Sussex Daily News*.

KITTY ALONE. *Fourth Edition.*

'A strong and original story, teeming with graphic description, stirring incident, and, above all, with vivid and enthralling human interest.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

NOÉMI: A Romance of the Cave-Dwellers. Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE. *Third Edition.*

'"Noémi" is as excellent a tale of fighting and adventure as one may wish to meet. The narrative also runs clear and sharp as the Loire itself.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

'Mr. Baring Gould's powerful story is full of the strong lights and shadows and vivid colouring to which he has accustomed us.'—*Standard*.

THE BROOM-SQUIRE. Illustrated by FRANK DADD.
Fourth Edition.

'A strain of tenderness is woven through the web of his tragic tale, and its atmosphere is sweetened by the nobility and sweetness of the heroine's character.'—*Daily News*.
'A story of exceptional interest that seems to us to be better than anything he has written of late.'—*Speaker*

THE PENNYCOMEQUICKS. *Third Edition.*

DARTMOOR IDYLLS.

'A book to read, and keep and read again; for the genuine fun and pathos of it will not early lose their effect.'—*Vanity Fair*.

GUAVAS THE TINNER. Illustrated by Frank Dadd. *Second Edition.*

'Mr. Baring Gould is a wizard who transports us into a region of visions, often lurid and disquieting, but always full of interest and enchantment.'—*Spectator*.
'In the weirdness of the story, in the faithfulness with which the characters are depicted, and in force of style, it closely resembles "Mehalah."'—*Daily Telegraph*.
'There is a kind of flavour about this book which alone elevates it above the ordinary novel. The story itself has a grandeur in harmony with the wild and rugged scenery which is its setting.'—*Athenæum*.

Gilbert Parker's Novels

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE. *Fourth Edition.*

'Stories happily conceived and finely executed. There is strength and genius in Mr. Parker's style.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

MRS. FALCHION. *Fourth Edition.*

'A splendid study of character.'—*Athenæum*.
'But little behind anything that has been done by any writer of our time.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.
'A very striking and admirable novel.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.

'The plot is original and one difficult to work out; but Mr. Parker has done it with great skill and delicacy. The reader who is not interested in this original, fresh, and well-told tale must be a dull person indeed.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD. *Fifth Edition.*

'Everybody with a soul for romance will thoroughly enjoy "The Trail of the Sword."'—*St. James's Gazette*.
'A rousing and dramatic tale. A book like this, in which swords flash, great surprises are undertaken, and daring deeds done, in which men and women live and love in the old straightforward passionate way, is a joy inexpressible to the reviewer.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

WHEN VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC: The Story of a Lost Napoleon. *Fourth Edition.*

'Here we find romance—real, breathing, living romance, but it runs flush with our own times, level with our own feelings. The character of Valmond is drawn unerringly; his career, brief as it is, is placed before us as convincingly as history itself. The book must be read, we may say re-read, for any one thoroughly to appreciate Mr. Parker's delicate touch and innate sympathy with humanity.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.
'The one work of genius which 1895 has as yet produced.'—*New Age*.

AN ADVENTURER OF THE NORTH: The Last Adventures of 'Pretty Pierre.' *Second Edition.*

'The present book is full of fine and moving stories of the great North, and it will add to Mr. Parker's already high reputation.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. *Illustrated. Eighth Edition.*

'The best thing he has done; one of the best things that any one has done lately.'—*St. James's Gazette.*

'Mr. Parker seems to become stronger and easier with every serious novel that he attempts. . . . In "The Seats of the Mighty" he shows the matured power which his former novels have led us to expect, and has produced a really fine historical novel. . . . Most sincerely is Mr. Parker to be congratulated on the finest novel he has yet written.'—*Athenæum.*

'Mr. Parker's latest book places him in the front rank of living novelists. "The Seats of the Mighty" is a great book.'—*Black and White.*

'One of the strongest stories of historical interest and adventure that we have read for many a day. . . . A notable and successful book.'—*Speaker.*

Conan Doyle. **ROUND THE RED LAMP.** By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of 'The White Company,' 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,' etc. *Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'The book is, indeed, composed of leaves from life, and is far and away the best view that has been vouchsafed us behind the scenes of the consulting-room. It is very superior to "The Diary of a late Physician."'—*Illustrated London News.*

Stanley Weyman. **UNDER THE RED ROBE.** By STANLEY WEYMAN, Author of 'A Gentleman of France.' With Twelve Illustrations by R. Caton Woodville. *Twelfth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A book of which we have read every word for the sheer pleasure of reading, and which we put down with a pang that we cannot forget it all and start again.'—*Westminster Gazette.*

'Every one who reads books at all must read this thrilling romance, from the first page of which to the last the breathless reader is haled along. An inspiration of "manliness and courage."'—*Daily Chronicle.*

Lucas Malet. **THE WAGES OF SIN.** By LUCAS MALET. *Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.***Lucas Malet.** **THE CARISSIMA.** By LUCAS MALET, Author of 'The Wages of Sin,' etc. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.***Arthur Morrison.** **TALES OF MEAN STREETS.** By ARTHUR MORRISON. *Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Told with consummate art and extraordinary detail. He tells a plain, unvarnished tale, and the very truth of it makes for beauty. In the true humanity of the book lies its justification, the permanence of its interest, and its indubitable triumph.'—*Athenæum.*

'A great book. The author's method is amazingly effective, and produces a thrilling sense of reality. The writer lays upon us a master hand. The book is simply appalling and irresistible in its interest. It is humorous also; without humour it would not make the mark it is certain to make.'—*World.*

Arthur Morrison. **A CHILD OF THE JAGO.** By ARTHUR MORRISON. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

This, the first long story which Mr. Morrison has written, is like his remarkable 'Tales of Mean Streets,' a realistic study of East End life.

'The book is a masterpiece.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

'Told with great vigour and powerful simplicity.'—*Athenæum.*

Mrs. Clifford. **A FLASH OF SUMMER.** By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD, Author of 'Aunt Anne,' etc. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'The story is a very sad and a very beautiful one, exquisitely told, and enriched with many subtle touches of wise and tender insight. It will, undoubtedly, add to its author's reputation—already high—in the ranks of novelists.'—*Speaker.*

Emily Lawless. HURRISH. By the Honble. EMILY LAWLESS, Author of 'Maelcho,' etc. *Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
A reissue of Miss Lawless' most popular novel, uniform with 'Maelcho.'

Emily Lawless. MAELCHO: a Sixteenth Century Romance. By the Honble. EMILY LAWLESS. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A really great book.'—*Spectator*.

'There is no keener pleasure in life than the recognition of genius. Good work is commoner than it used to be, but the best is as rare as ever. All the more gladly, therefore, do we welcome in "Maelcho" a piece of work of the first order, which we do not hesitate to describe as one of the most remarkable literary achievements of this generation. Miss Lawless is possessed of the very essence of historical genius.'—*Manchester Guardian*.

J. H. Findlater. THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE. By JANE H. FINDLATER. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A powerful and vivid story.'—*Standard*.

'A beautiful story, sad and strange as truth itself.'—*Vanity Fair*.

'A work of remarkable interest and originality.'—*National Observer*.

'A very charming and pathetic tale.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

'A singularly original, clever, and beautiful story.'—*Guardian*.

'"The Green Graves of Balgowrie" reveals to us a new Scotch writer of undoubted faculty and reserve force.'—*Spectator*.

'An exquisite idyll, delicate, affecting, and beautiful.'—*Black and White*.

H. G. Wells. THE STOLEN BACILLUS, and other Stories. By H. G. WELLS, Author of 'The Time Machine.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'The ordinary reader of fiction may be glad to know that these stories are eminently readable from one cover to the other, but they are more than that; they are the impressions of a very striking imagination, which, it would seem, has a great deal within its reach.'—*Saturday Review*.

H. G. Wells. THE PLATTNER STORY AND OTHERS. By H. G. WELLS. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Weird and mysterious, they seem to hold the reader as by a magic spell.'—*Scotsman*.

'Such is the fascination of this writer's skill that you unhesitatingly prophesy that none of the many readers, however his flesh do creep, will relinquish the volume ere he has read from first word to last.'—*Black and White*.

'No volume has appeared for a long time so likely to give equal pleasure to the simplest reader and to the most fastidious critic.'—*Academy*.

'Mr. Wells is a magician skilled in wielding that most potent of all spells—the fear of the unknown.'—*Daily Telegraph*.

E. F. Benson. DODO: A DETAIL OF THE DAY. By E. F. BENSON. *Sixteenth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A delightfully witty sketch of society.'—*Spectator*.

'A perpetual feast of epigram and paradox.'—*Speaker*.

E. F. Benson. THE RUBICON. By E. F. BENSON, Author of 'Dodo.' *Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'An exceptional achievement; a notable advance on his previous work.'—*National Observer*.

Mrs. Oliphant. SIR ROBERT'S FORTUNE. By MRS. OLIPHANT. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Full of her own peculiar charm of style and simple, subtle character-painting comes her new gift, the delightful story before us. The scene mostly lies in the moors, and at the touch of the authoress a Scotch moor becomes a living thing, strong, tender, beautiful, and changeful.'—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Mrs. Oliphant. THE TWO MARYS. By MRS. OLIPHANT.
Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

W. E. Norris. MATTHEW AUSTIN. By W. E. NORRIS, Author
of 'Mademoiselle de Mersac,' etc. *Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
'Matthew Austin' may safely be pronounced one of the most intellectually satisfactory and morally bracing novels of the current year.—*Daily Telegraph.*

W. E. Norris. HIS GRACE. By W. E. NORRIS. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Mr. Norris has drawn a really fine character in the Duke of Hurstbourne, at once unconventional and very true to the conventionalities of life.'—*Athenæum.*

W. E. Norris. THE DESPOTIC LADY AND OTHERS.
By W. E. NORRIS. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A budget of good fiction of which no one will tire.'—*Scotsman.*

W. E. Norris. CLARISSA FURIOSA. By W. E. NORRIS,
Author of 'The Rogue,' etc. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'One of Mr. Norris's very best novels. As a story it is admirable, as a *jeu d'esprit* it is capital, as a lay sermon studded with gems of wit and wisdom it is a model which will not, we imagine, find an efficient imitator.'—*The World.*

'The best novel he has written for some time: a story which is full of admirable character-drawing.'—*The Standard.*

Robert Barr. IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS. By ROBERT
BARR. *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A book which has abundantly satisfied us by its capital humour.'—*Daily Chronicle.*

'Mr. Barr has achieved a triumph whereof he has every reason to be proud.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

J. Maclaren Cobban. THE KING OF ANDAMAN: A
Saviour of Society. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'An unquestionably interesting book. It would not surprise us if it turns out to be the most interesting novel of the season, for it contains one character, at least, who has in him the root of immortality, and the book itself is ever exhaling the sweet savour of the unexpected. . . . Plot is forgotten and incident fades, and only the really human endures, and throughout this book there stands out in bold and beautiful relief its high-souled and chivalric protagonist, James the Master of Hutcheon, the King of Andaman himself.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

J. Maclaren Cobban. WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN?
By J. M. COBBAN, Author of 'The King of Andaman.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Mr. Cobban has the true story-teller's art. He arrests attention at the outset, and he retains it to the end.'—*Birmingham Post.*

H. Morrah. A SERIOUS COMEDY. By HERBERT MORRAH.
Crown 8vo. 6s.

'This volume is well worthy of its title. The theme has seldom been presented with more freshness or more force.'—*Scotsman.*

H. Morrah. THE FAITHFUL CITY. By HERBERT MORRAH, Author of 'A Serious Comedy.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Conveys a suggestion of weirdness and horror, until finally he convinces and enthral the reader with his mysterious savages, his gigantic tower, and his uncompromising men and women. This is a haunting, mysterious book, not without an element of stupendous grandeur.'—*Athenæum*.

L. B. Walford. SUCCESSORS TO THE TITLE. By MRS. WALFORD, Author of 'Mr. Smith,' etc. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'The story is fresh and healthy from beginning to finish; and our liking for the two simple people who are the successors to the title mounts steadily, and ends almost in respect.'—*Scotsman*.

T. L. Paton. A HOME IN INVERESK. By T. L. PATON. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A pleasant and well-written story.'—*Daily Chronicle*.

John Davidson. MISS ARMSTRONG'S AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES. By JOHN DAVIDSON. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Throughout the volume there is a strong vein of originality, and a knowledge of human nature that are worthy of the highest praise.'—*Scotsman*.

M. M. Dowie. GALLIA. By MÉNIE MURIEL DOWIE, Author of 'A Girl in the Carpathians.' *Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'The style is generally admirable, the dialogue not seldom brilliant, the situations surprising in their freshness and originality, while the subsidiary as well as the principal characters live and move, and the story itself is readable from title-page to colophon.'—*Saturday Review*.

J. A. Barry. IN THE GREAT DEEP: TALES OF THE SEA. By J. A. BARRY. Author of 'Steve Brown's Bunyip.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A collection of really admirable short stories of the sea, very simply told, and placed before the reader in pithy and telling English.'—*Westminster Gazette*.

J. B. Burton. IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY. By J. BLOUNDELLE BURTON. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Unusually interesting and full of highly dramatic situations.'—*Guardian*.

J. B. Burton. DENOUNCED. By J. BLOUNDELLE BURTON. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

The plot is an original one, and the local colouring is laid on with a delicacy and an accuracy of detail which denote the true artist.'—*Broad Arrow*.

W. C. Scully. THE WHITE HECATOMB. By W. C. SCULLY, Author of 'Kafir Stories.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'The author is so steeped in Kaffir lore and legend, and so thoroughly well acquainted with native sagas and traditional ceremonial that he is able to attract the reader by the easy familiarity with which he handles his characters.'—*South Africa*.

'It reveals a marvellously intimate understanding of the Kaffir mind, allied with literary gifts of no mean order.'—*African Critic*.

H. Johnston. DR. CONGALTON'S LEGACY. By HENRY JOHNSTON. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A worthy and permanent contribution to Scottish literature.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

J. F. Brewer. THE SPECULATORS. By J. F. BREWER.
Crown 8vo. 6s.

'A pretty bit of comedy. . . . It is undeniably a clever book.'—*Academy*.

'A clever and amusing story. It makes capital out of the comic aspects of culture, and will be read with amusement by every intellectual reader.'—*Scotsman*.

'A remarkably clever study.'—*Vanity Fair*.

Julian Corbett. A BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS. By JULIAN CORBETT. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Mr. Corbett writes with immense spirit, and the book is a thoroughly enjoyable one in all respects. The salt of the ocean is in it, and the right heroic ring resounds through its gallant adventures.'—*Speaker*.

L. Cope Cornford. CAPTAIN JACOBUS: A ROMANCE OF THE ROAD. By L. COPE CORNFORD. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'An exceptionally good story of adventure and character.'—*World*.

C. P. Wolley. THE QUEENSBERRY CUP. A Tale of Adventure. By CLIVE PHILLIPS WOLLEY. Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'A book which will delight boys: a book which upholds the healthy schoolboy code of morality.'—*Scotsman*.

L. Daintrey. THE KING OF ALBERIA. A Romance of the Balkans. By LAURA DAINTREY. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Miss Daintrey seems to have an intimate acquaintance with the people and politics of the Balkan countries in which the scene of her lively and picturesque romance is laid.'—*Glasgow Herald*.

M. A. Owen. THE DAUGHTER OF ALOUETTE. By MARY A. OWEN. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

A story of life among the American Indians.

'A fascinating story.'—*Literary World*.

Mrs. Pinsent. CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD. By ELLEN F. PINSENT, Author of 'Jenny's Case.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Mrs. Pinsent's new novel has plenty of vigour, variety, and good writing. There are certainty of purpose, strength of touch, and clearness of vision.'—*Athenæum*.

Clark Russell. MY DANISH SWEETHEART. By W. CLARK RUSSELL, Author of 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor,' etc. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

G. Manville Fenn. AN ELECTRIC SPARK. By G. MANVILLE FENN, Author of 'The Vicar's Wife,' 'A Double Knot,' etc. *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*

L. S. McChesney. UNDER SHADOW OF THE MISSION. By L. S. MCCHESENEY. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

'Those whose minds are open to the finer issues of life, who can appreciate graceful thought and refined expression of it, from them this volume will receive a welcome as enthusiastic as it will be based on critical knowledge.'—*Church Times*.

Ronald Ross. THE SPIRIT OF STORM. By RONALD ROSS, Author of 'The Child of Ocean.' *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

A romance of the Sea.

'Weird, powerful, and impressive.'—*Black and White*.

- R. Pryce.** TIME AND THE WOMAN. By RICHARD PRYCE.
Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- Mrs. Watson.** THIS MAN'S DOMINION. By the Author
of 'A High Little World.' *Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- Marriott Watson.** DIOGENES OF LONDON. By
H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. *Crown 8vo. Buckram. 6s.*
- M. Gilchrist.** THE STONE DRAGON. By MURRAY GIL-
CHRIST. *Crown 8vo. Buckram. 6s.*
- 'The author's faults are atoned for by certain positive and admirable merits. The romances have not their counterpart in modern literature, and to read them is a unique experience.'—*National Observer.*
- E. Dickinson.** A VICAR'S WIFE. By EVELYN DICKINSON.
Crown 8vo. 6s.
- E. M. Gray.** ELSA. By E. M'QUEEN GRAY. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*

THREE-AND-SIXPENNY NOVELS

Crown 8vo.

3/6

- DERRICK VAUGHAN, NOVELIST.** By EDNA LYALL.
- MARGERY OF QUETHER.** By S. BARING GOULD.
- JACQUETTA.** By S. BARING GOULD.
- SUBJECT TO VANITY.** By MARGARET BENSON.
- THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.** By BERTRAM MITFORD.
- THE MOVING FINGER.** By MARY GAUNT.
- JACO TRELOAR.** By J. H. PEARCE.
- THE DANCE OF THE HOURS.** By 'VERA.'
- A WOMAN OF FORTY.** By ESMÉ STUART.
- A CUMBERER OF THE GROUND.** By CONSTANCE SMITH.
- THE SIN OF ANGELS.** By EVELYN DICKINSON.
- AUT DIABOLUS AUT NIHIL.** By X. L.
- THE COMING OF CUCULAIN.** By STANDISH O'GRADY.
- THE GODS GIVE MY DONKEY WINGS.** By ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.
- THE STAR GAZERS.** By G. MANVILLE FENN.
- THE POISON OF ASPES.** By R. ORTON PROWSE.
- THE QUIET MRS. FLEMING.** By R. PRYCE.
- DISENCHANTMENT.** By F. MABEL ROBINSON.
- THE SQUIRE OF WANDALES.** By A. SHIELD.
- A REVEREND GENTLEMAN.** By J. M. COBBAN.

- A DEPLORABLE AFFAIR. By W. E. NORRIS.
 A CAVALIER'S LADYE. By Mrs. DICKER.
 THE PRODIGALS. By Mrs. OLIPHANT.
 THE SUPPLANTER. By P. NEUMANN.
 A MAN WITH BLACK EYELASHES. By H. A. KENNEDY.
 A HANDFUL OF EXOTICS. By S. GORDON.
 AN ODD EXPERIMENT. By HANNAH LYNCH.

HALF-CROWN NOVELS

A Series of Novels by popular Authors.

2/6

1. HOVENDEN, V.C. By F. MABEL ROBINSON.
2. ELI'S CHILDREN. By G. MANVILLE FENN.
3. A DOUBLE KNOT. By G. MANVILLE FENN.
4. DISARMED. By M. BETHAM EDWARDS.
5. A MARRIAGE AT SEA. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
6. IN TENT AND BUNGALOW. By the Author of 'Indian Idylls.'
7. MY STEWARDSHIP. By E. M'QUEEN GRAY.
8. JACK'S FATHER. By W. E. NORRIS.
9. JIM B.
10. THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN. By F. MABEL ROBINSON.
11. MR. BUTLER'S WARD. By F. MABEL ROBINSON.
12. A LOST ILLUSION. By LESLIE KEITH.

Lynn Linton. THE TRUE HISTORY OF JOSHUA DAVIDSON, Christian and Communist. By E. LYNN LINTON. *Eleventh Edition. Post 8vo. 1s.*

Books for Boys and Girls

3/6

A Series of Books by well-known Authors, well illustrated.

1. THE ICELANDER'S SWORD. By S. BARING GOULD.
2. TWO LITTLE CHILDREN AND CHING. By EDITH E. CUTHELL.
3. TODDLER'S HERO. By M. M. BLAKE.
4. ONLY A GUARD-ROOM DOG. By EDITH E. CUTHELL.
5. THE DOCTOR OF THE JULIET. By HARRY COLLINGWOOD.
6. MASTER ROCKAFELLAR'S VOYAGE. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
7. SYD BELTON: Or, The Boy who would not go to Sea. By G. MANVILLE FENN.

The Peacock Library

*A Series of Books for Girls by well-known Authors,
handsomely bound in blue and silver, and well illustrated.*

3/6

1. A PINCH OF EXPERIENCE. By L. B. WALFORD.
2. THE RED GRANGE. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.
3. THE SECRET OF MADAME DE MONLUC. By the Author of 'Mdle Mori.'
4. DUMPS. By Mrs. PARR, Author of 'Adam and Eve.'
5. OUT OF THE FASHION. By L. T. MEADE.
6. A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE. By L. T. MEADE.
7. HEPSY GIPSY. By L. T. MEADE. 2s. 6d.
8. THE HONOURABLE MISS. By L. T. MEADE.
9. MY LAND OF BEULAH. By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS.

University Extension Series

A series of books on historical, literary, and scientific subjects, suitable for extension students and home-reading circles. Each volume is complete in itself, and the subjects are treated by competent writers in a broad and philosophic spirit.

Edited by J. E. SYMES, M.A.,

Principal of University College, Nottingham.

Crown 8vo. Price (with some exceptions) 2s. 6d.

The following volumes are ready:—

THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By H. DE B. GIBBINS, D.Litt., M.A., late Scholar of Wadham College, Oxon., Cobden Prizeman. *Fifth Edition, Revised. With Maps and Plans.* 3s.

'A compact and clear story of our industrial development. A study of this concise but luminous book cannot fail to give the reader a clear insight into the principal phenomena of our industrial history. The editor and publishers are to be congratulated on this first volume of their venture, and we shall look with expectant interest for the succeeding volumes of the series.'—*University Extension Journal*.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POLITICAL ECONOMY. By L. L. PRICE, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxon. *Second Edition.*

PROBLEMS OF POVERTY: An Inquiry into the Industrial Conditions of the Poor. By J. A. HOBSON, M.A. *Third Edition.*

VICTORIAN POETS. By A. SHARP.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By J. E. SYMES, M.A.

PSYCHOLOGY. By F. S. GRANGER, M.A.

- THE EVOLUTION OF PLANT LIFE: Lower Forms. By G. MASSEE.
With Illustrations.
- AIR AND WATER. Professor V. B. LEWES, M.A. *Illustrated.*
- THE CHEMISTRY OF LIFE AND HEALTH. By C. W. KIMMINS,
M.A. *Illustrated.*
- THE MECHANICS OF DAILY LIFE. By V. P. SELLS, M.A. *Illustrated.*
- ENGLISH SOCIAL REFORMERS. H. DE B. GIBBINS, D.Litt., M.A.
- ENGLISH TRADE AND FINANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY. By W. A. S. HEWINS, B.A.
- THE CHEMISTRY OF FIRE. The Elementary Principles of Chemistry.
By M. M. PATTISON MUIR, M.A. *Illustrated.*
- A TEXT-BOOK OF AGRICULTURAL BOTANY. By M. C. POTTER,
M.A., F.L.S. *Illustrated.* 3s. 6d.
- THE VAULT OF HEAVEN. A Popular Introduction to Astronomy.
By R. A. GREGORY. *With numerous Illustrations.*
- METEOROLOGY. The Elements of Weather and Climate. By H. N.
DICKSON, F.R.S.E., F.R. Met. Soc. *Illustrated.*
- A MANUAL OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE. By GEORGE J. BURCH,
M.A. *With numerous Illustrations.* 3s.
- THE EARTH. An Introduction to Physiography. By EVAN SMALL, M.A.
Illustrated.
- INSECT LIFE. By F. W. THEOBALD, M.A. *Illustrated.*
- ENGLISH POETRY FROM BLAKE TO BROWNING. By W. M.
DIXON, M.A.
- ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT. By E. JENKS, M.A., Professor of
Law at University College, Liverpool.
- THE GREEK VIEW OF LIFE. By G. L. DICKINSON, Fellow of King's
College, Cambridge.

Social Questions of To-day

Edited by H. DE B. GIBBINS, D.Litt., M.A.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A series of volumes upon those topics of social, economic,
and industrial interest that are at the present moment fore-
most in the public mind. Each volume of the series is written by an
author who is an acknowledged authority upon the subject with which
he deals.

2/6

The following Volumes of the Series are ready:—

- TRADE UNIONISM—NEW AND OLD. By G. HOWELL, Author of
'The Conflicts of Capital and Labour.' *Second Edition.*
- THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT TO-DAY. By G. J. HOLYOAKE,
Author of 'The History of Co-Operation.' *Second Edition.*
- MUTUAL THRIFT. By Rev. J. FROME WILKINSON, M.A., Author of
'The Friendly Society Movement.'

- PROBLEMS OF POVERTY: An Inquiry into the Industrial Conditions of the Poor. By J. A. HOBSON, M.A. *Third Edition.*
- THE COMMERCE OF NATIONS. By C. F. BASTAPLE, M.A., Professor of Economics at Trinity College, Dublin.
- THE ALIEN INVASION. By W. H. WILKINS, B.A., Secretary to the Society for Preventing the Immigration of Destitute Aliens.
- THE RURAL EXODUS. By P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.
- LAND NATIONALIZATION. By HAROLD COX, B.A.
- A SHORTER WORKING DAY. By H. DE B. GIBBINS, D.Litt., M.A., and R. A. HADFIELD, of the Hecla Works, Sheffield.
- BACK TO THE LAND: An Inquiry into the Cure for Rural Depopulation. By H. E. MOORE.
- TRUSTS, POOLS AND CORNERS: As affecting Commerce and Industry. By J. STEPHEN JEANS, M.R.I., F.S.S.
- THE FACTORY SYSTEM. By R. COOKE TAYLOR.
- THE STATE AND ITS CHILDREN. By GERTRUDE TUCKWELL.
- WOMEN'S WORK. By LADY DILKE, Miss BULLEY, and Miss WHITLEY.
- MUNICIPALITIES AT WORK. The Municipal Policy of Six Great Towns, and its Influence on their Social Welfare. By FREDERICK DOLMAN.
- SOCIALISM AND MODERN THOUGHT. By M. KAUFMANN.
- THE HOUSING OF THE WORKING CLASSES. By R. F. BOWMAKER.
- MODERN CIVILIZATION IN SOME OF ITS ECONOMIC ASPECTS. By W. CUNNINGHAM, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
- THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED. By J. A. HOBSON, B.A., Author of 'The Problems of Poverty.'
- LIFE IN WEST LONDON. By ARTHUR SHERWELL, M.A. *Second Edition.*

Classical Translations

Edited by H. F. FOX, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford.

Messrs. Methuen are issuing a New Series of Translations from the Greek and Latin Classics. They have enlisted the services of some of the best Oxford and Cambridge Scholars, and it is their intention that the Series shall be distinguished by literary excellence as well as by scholarly accuracy.

ÆSCHYLUS—Agamemnon, Chœphoroe, Eumenides. Translated by LEWIS CAMPBELL, LL.D., late Professor of Greek at St. Andrews, 5s.

CICERO—De Oratore I. Translated by E. N. P. MOOR, M.A. 3s. 6d.

CICERO—Select Orations (Pro Milone, Pro Murena, Philippic II., In Catilinam). Translated by H. E. D. BLAKISTON, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. 5s.

- CICERO—De Natura Deorum. Translated by F. BROOKS, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. 3s. 6d.
- LUCIAN—Six Dialogues (Nigrinus, Icaro-Menippus, The Cock, The Ship, The Parasite, The Lover of Falsehood). Translated by S. T. IRWIN, M.A., Assistant Master at Clifton; late Scholar of Exeter College, Oxford. 3s. 6d.
- SOPHOCLES—Electra and Ajax. Translated by E. D. A. MORSHEAD, M.A., Assistant Master at Winchester. 2s. 6d.
- TACITUS—Agricola and Germania. Translated by R. B. TOWNSHEND, late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2s. 6d.

Educational Books

CLASSICAL

- PLAUTI BACCHIDES. Edited with Introduction, Commentary, and Critical Notes by J. M'COSH, M.A. *Fcap.* 4to. 12s. 6d.
'The notes are copious, and contain a great deal of information that is good and useful.'—*Classical Review*.
- TACITI AGRICOLL. With Introduction, Notes, Map, etc. By R. F. DAVIS, M.A., Assistant Master at Weymouth College. *Crown* 8vo. 2s.
- TACITI GERMANIA. By the same Editor. *Crown* 8vo. 2s.
- HERODOTUS: EASY SELECTIONS. With Vocabulary. By A. C. LIDDELL, M.A., Assistant Master at Nottingham High School. *Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- SELECTIONS FROM THE ODYSSEY. By E. D. STONE, M.A., late Assistant Master at Eton. *Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- PLAUTUS: THE CAPTIVI. Adapted for Lower Forms by J. H. FRESSE, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. 1s. 6d.
- DEMOSTHENES AGAINST CONON AND CALLICLES. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary, by F. DARWIN SWIFT, M.A., formerly Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford; Assistant Master at Denstone College. *Fcap.* 8vo. 2s.

GERMAN

- A COMPANION GERMAN GRAMMAR. By H. DE B. GIBBINS, D.Litt., M.A., Assistant Master at Nottingham High School. *Crown* 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- GERMAN PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION. By E. M'QUEEN GRAY. *Crown* 8vo. 2s. 6d.

SCIENCE

- THE WORLD OF SCIENCE. Including Chemistry, Heat, Light, Sound, Magnetism, Electricity, Botany, Zoology, Physiology, Astronomy, and Geology. By R. ELLIOTT STEEL, M.A., F.C.S. 147 Illustrations. *Second Edition.* *Crown* 8vo. 2s. 6d.
'If Mr. Steel is to be placed second to any for this quality of lucidity, it is only to Huxley himself; and to be named in the same breath with this master of the craft of teaching is to be accredited with the clearness of style and simplicity of arrangement that belong to thorough mastery of a subject.'—*Parents' Review*.
- ELEMENTARY LIGHT. By R. E. STEEL. With numerous Illustrations. *Crown* 8vo. 4s. 6d.

ENGLISH

ENGLISH RECORDS. A Companion to the History of England. By H. E. MALDEN, M.A. *Crown 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

A book which aims at concentrating information upon dates, genealogy, officials, constitutional documents, etc., which is usually found scattered in different volumes.

THE ENGLISH CITIZEN: HIS RIGHTS AND DUTIES. By H. E. MALDEN, M.A. 1s. 6d.

'The book goes over the same ground as is traversed in the school books on this subject written to satisfy the requirements of the Education Code. It would serve admirably the purposes of a text-book, as it is well based in historical facts, and keeps quite clear of party matters.'—*Scotsman*.

METHUEN'S COMMERCIAL SERIES

Edited by H. DE B. GIBBINS, D.Litt., M.A.

BRITISH COMMERCE AND COLONIES FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA. By H. DE B. GIBBINS, D.Litt., M.A., Author of 'The Industrial History of England,' etc., etc., 2s.

COMMERCIAL EXAMINATION PAPERS. By H. DE B. GIBBINS, D.Litt., M.A., 1s. 6d.

THE ECONOMICS OF COMMERCE. By H. DE B. GIBBINS, D.Litt., M.A. 1s. 6d.

A MANUAL OF FRENCH COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE. By S. E. BALLY, Modern Language Master at the Manchester Grammar School. 2s.

GERMAN COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE. By S. E. BALLY, Assistant Master at the Manchester Grammar School. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

A FRENCH COMMERCIAL READER. By S. E. BALLY. 2s.

COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY, with special reference to Trade Routes, New Markets, and Manufacturing Districts. By L. W. LYDE, M.A., of the Academy, Glasgow. 2s.

A PRIMER OF BUSINESS. By S. JACKSON, M.A. 1s. 6d.

COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC. By F. G. TAYLOR, M.A. 1s. 6d.

PRÉCIS WRITING AND OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE. By E. E. WHITFIELD, M.A.

WORKS BY A. M. M. STEDMAN, M.A.

INITIA LATINA: Easy Lessons on Elementary Accidence. *Second Edition*, *Fcap. 8vo.* 1s.

FIRST LATIN LESSONS. *Fourth Edition*. *Crown 8vo.* 2s.

FIRST LATIN READER. With Notes adapted to the Shorter Latin Primer and Vocabulary. *Third Edition*. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

EASY SELECTIONS FROM CAESAR. Part I. The Helvetian War. 18mo. 1s.

EASY SELECTIONS FROM LIVY. Part I. The Kings of Rome. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

EASY LATIN PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION. *Fifth Edition*. *Fcap. 8vo.* 1s. 6d.

EXEMPLA LATINA. First Lessons in Latin Accidence. With Vocabulary. *Crown 8vo.* 1s.

EASY LATIN EXERCISES ON THE SYNTAX OF THE SHORTER AND REVISED LATIN PRIMER. With Vocabulary. *Sixth Edition*. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d. Issued with the consent of Dr. Kennedy.

- THE LATIN COMPOUND SENTENCE: Rules and Exercises. *Crown* 8vo. 1s. 6d. With Vocabulary. 2s.
- NOTANDA QUAEDAM: Miscellaneous Latin Exercises on Common Rules and Idioms. *Third Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. With Vocabulary. 2s.
- LATIN VOCABULARIES FOR REPETITION: Arranged according to Subjects. *Sixth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- A VOCABULARY OF LATIN IDIOMS AND PHRASES. 18mo. 1s.
- STEPS TO GREEK. 18mo. 1s.
- EASY GREEK PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION. *Second Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- GREEK VOCABULARIES FOR REPETITION. Arranged according to Subjects. *Second Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- GREEK TESTAMENT SELECTIONS. For the use of Schools. *Third Edition. With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary. Fcap.* 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- STEPS TO FRENCH. *Second Edition.* 18mo. 8d.
- FIRST FRENCH LESSONS. *Second Edition. Crown* 8vo. 1s.
- EASY FRENCH PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION. *Second Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- EASY FRENCH EXERCISES ON ELEMENTARY SYNTAX. With Vocabulary. *Crown* 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- FRENCH VOCABULARIES FOR REPETITION: Arranged according to Subjects. *Fifth Edition. Fcap.* 8vo. 1s.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION SERIES

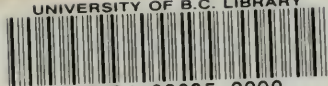
- EDITED BY A. M. M. STEDMAN, M.A. *Crown* 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- FRENCH EXAMINATION PAPERS IN MISCELLANEOUS GRAMMAR AND IDIOMS. By A. M. M. STEDMAN, M.A. *Eighth Edition.* A KEY, issued to Tutors and Private Students only, to be had on application to the Publishers. *Second Edition. Crown* 8vo. 6s. net.
- LATIN EXAMINATION PAPERS IN MISCELLANEOUS GRAMMAR AND IDIOMS. By A. M. M. STEDMAN, M.A. *Seventh Edition.* KEY issued as above. 6s. net.
- GREEK EXAMINATION PAPERS IN MISCELLANEOUS GRAMMAR AND IDIOMS. By A. M. M. STEDMAN, M.A. *Fifth Edition.* KEY issued as above. 6s. net.
- GERMAN EXAMINATION PAPERS IN MISCELLANEOUS GRAMMAR AND IDIOMS. By R. J. MORICI, Manchester. *Fourth Edition.* KEY issued as above. 6s. net.
- HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY EXAMINATION PAPERS. By C. H. SPENCE, M.A., Clifton College.
- SCIENCE EXAMINATION PAPERS. By R. E. STEEL, M.A., F.C.S., Chief Natural Science Master, Bradford Grammar School. *In two vols.* Part I. Chemistry; Part II. Physics.
- GENERAL KNOWLEDGE EXAMINATION PAPERS. By A. M. M. STEDMAN, M.A. *Third Edition.* KEY issued as above. 7s. net.

University of British Columbia Library

DUE DATE

DEC 7 1970	
DEC 7 REC'D	
FEB 6 1979	
JAN 27 1979 REC'D	

UNIVERSITY OF B.C. LIBRARY



3 9424 02095 2898

